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THE
FRENCH GIL BLAS;

OR,
ADVENTURES

OF
HENRY LANSON.

By M. LE MAIRE, of NANCY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD
EDITION IN FRENCH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N;

PRINTED FOR C. AND G. KEARSLEY, JOHNSON'S
HEAD, FLEET-STREET.

M. DCC. XCIII.

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FRENCH GIL BLAS

ADVANTAGES

HENRY J. LONDON



PRINTED BY J. AND W. BARNES, ST. JOHN'S LANE, LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1841

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THE
FRENCH GIL BLAS.

CHAP. I.

Adventures of Rosette.

“NEVER, my dear Lanſon, ſhall I forget that dreadful moment when Sainville ſurprized us, and you made him pay ſo dear for his temerity. You had no ſooner fled, than collecting the remains of ſtrength that horrid ſcene had left me, I dragged myſelf towards the farm, weeping the loſs of a lover to

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whom

whom I was so tenderly attached, and the cruel event that rendered his flight necessary. You, doubtless, have been informed of the consequences: Sainville's wound was not mortal, and speedily cured by the skill of the surgeon; but he did not conceal from his parents that I was the cause of his quarrel with you, divulging also every circumstance of our intimacy. My father was not the last to hear of it: he is naturally good tempered, but violently tenacious on the article of female honour: he reproached me in the harshest terms, even adding effects to his anger; in short, I was boxed, beaten, and locked up in a room for a whole month, without seeing any person but my mother who brought me victuals. At length I was set at liberty; but continually

nually watched, and forbid to go out alone. My parents no longer treated me with their former kindness and confidence; I did not dare appear in the village, the girls never failing to point at me. 'Look there,' cried they, 'there goes the proud Rosette, who used to think herself so much above us; if we are not so handsome, at least we are modest, and don't make appointments in the wood with men, and foment quarrels between the gentlemen of the town.'——These insults mortified me extremely, and made me frequently resolve to quit a place where I was subject to such humiliations. One day that I was sitting before the door of the farm, plunged in melancholy reflection, a coach and six passed by, containing a lady about forty and an Abbé much younger.

younger. How happy, thought I, should I be was I that lady's waiting maid. Occupied with this idea, my eyes followed the carriage, which had hardly proceeded thirty yards beyond the farm, when the axle-tree broke, and the coach overturned. One of the footmen immediately came to entreat assistance, on which my father and my two brothers instantly ran and helped to raise it. The lady had fainted from fear, in which state she was carried to our house, the Abbé escaped with only a slight confusion, and the loss of his wig, which was spoiled by the mud. We all were attentive about the lady, who recovering appeared sensible of our cares, and returned thanks with a politeness that enchanted us; she appeared particularly pleased with me; for asking my
father

father if I was his daughter, on his replying in the affirmative, she said, 'I congratulate you on such a child, her features express an excellent disposition, and prejudice me in her favour; I should be charmed to have so amiable a young woman about my person; what say you, my good girl,' continued she, 'could you resolve to leave your parents, and come and live with me?'—'Madam,' answered I, 'I should, doubtless, think myself honoured by serving such a lady, but I depend on my father.'——'Well, but if he consents,' returned she—'Ah, madam, in that case I should think myself very fortunate,' answered I—My father, who perhaps was not very sorry to get rid of a girl whom he despaired to establish, willingly consented; the lady appearing perfectly sa-

tisfied with the manner in which I expressed my thanks. A footman after some time came to inform her that the coach was ready to proceed, on which the lady rose to depart—'Adieu, my sweet girl,' said she, 'I'll send for you to-morrow, be sure to be in readiness, you need not fear being happy with me.'—My mother and myself accompanied her to the carriage: during the way I heard the Abbé say to her, 'Faith, madam, I congratulate you, you have made a charming acquisition; this young girl is very pretty; with such an air of enchanting ingenuity, that she is really innocence personified.'—I could hardly refrain laughter at this ridiculous discourse of the Abbé's, who, I leave you to judge, was no extraordinary physiognomist. I again returned
my

my thanks to my new mistress, who answered them kindly, and immediately departed.

“ I was overpowered with pleasure, thus to find my desires so unexpectedly satisfied; my father had made some inquiries of one of the footmen, who informed him that the lady was the Marchioness de B——, a widow of considerable fortune, with only one son, who was a colonel in the army. ‘ Thus Rosette,’ said my father, ‘ thou can’st not fail to be happy, thou art very fortunate to meet with such a situation, thou know’st what a disagreeable impression thy adventure has made in the village, therefore try to deserve the good will of thy new mistress, and re-

member, if thou would'st wish to be respected thou must be virtuous.'

"The next day the maitre d'hotel of the Marchioness came to fetch me. Notwithstanding the rigour with which my parents had for some time treated me, I experienced real affliction on leaving them, for nature can never forego her rights. My father and mother shed tears, giving me a long exhortation, which, however, made but slight impression on my mind; and having received their blessing, I embraced and bid them adieu.

"Having reached the house of the Marchioness, my conductor immediately introduced me to her. I had never before seen those superb apartments,

ments, in which luxury takes pride to display those brilliant superfluities, which folly has rendered necessary to the favourites of Plutus. I was dazzled and astonished, drawing back my feet, fearful they should soil the beautiful carpets. My new mistress smiled at my embarrassment, which her kindness however soon banished. The next morning I entered on my business, as the Marchioness's second waiting maid; the first fille de chambre instructing me so carefully, that in a few days I was quite perfect. This new way of life was soon extremely to my taste, the wearisome uniformity of a country life had never pleased me, I loved activity and variety in business as in pleasure, and found sufficient of both in my new situation. The Marchioness

rose about eleven, my business was to assist her to put on an elegant but negligent dishabille. At twelve she gave audience to some *beaux esprits* of the city, who came to regale her with the fruits of their labour, and amuse her with their follies. The Abbé was frequently present at these conversations, bestowing flattering ridicule on these provincial authors, who often received as compliments, what in reality was keen satire or cunning irony. Three o'clock was the hour allotted for dinner, we seldom had company; the Marchioness usually dining alone with the Abbé. After dinner she sat down to the toilette, at which the *little band* also assisted, directing the adjustment of her hair and selecting the ornaments; sometimes my lady's toupee was

was brought too forward, or the curls were too high or too low, in which case poor St. Ledger, the Marchioness's first waiting maid, had her work to do over again, for the opinion of Monsieur l'Abbé was ever followed. I cannot sufficiently describe to you my surprise on seeing an ecclesiastic, whose situation I had ever imagined removed him so far from such trifles, act so derogatory to his character, as to employ himself in the details of a lady's toilette.

"I soon remarked that the Marchioness, though rather beyond the middle age, was still a coquette, though possessed of an excellent heart, her disposition was light, capricious and trifling, in short she was a woman of the *bon ton*, having to the highest degree all the faults of

that singular denomination. St. Ledger soon informed me completely of her character; this girl was a jolly brunette, whose *embonpoint* in a great measure constituted her principal beauty, possessing one of those common persons which are generally pleasing but seldom attach the heart; her features bespoke good humour and frankness, and, perhaps, to an observing eye, a little levity and indiscretion. According to her calculation she was twenty five, but some perfidious wrinkles, which began to engrave themselves deeply on her face, gave me but an unfavourable opinion of her veracity in that point; she possessed great volubility of language: the first time you heard her speak, you would have thought her witty; but the second would have convinced you that
it

it was nothing more than small talk: she was very fond of attempting to criticise, but it was rather from habit than ill humour; for St. Ledger was really a very good natured girl, mild, sincere, and serviceable to her friends, for whom she would have sacrificed herself; she also possessed a great number, for her affectionate and communicative soul did not need to see a person twice to be warmly attached to them; she was by no means a man hater, for I soon discovered some particular familiarities between her and a tall well built footman, which did not give me a very high opinion of her virtue.

“The chearful temper of my companion soon made us friends; from her I was informed of the scandalous history

tory of the whole house; she gave me to understand that the Abbé was something more than the *vicisbeo* of the Marchioness, and had such an ascendancy over her mind, that she did nothing without his advice. St. Ledger added, that the Abbé, in fact, was a worthless fellow, his connection with the Marchioness being merely for interest, that he was also of very libertine principles, and that even herself, St. Ledger, had been necessitated to grant him her favours, lest he should injure her with her mistress.

“ I could not refrain laughing at this last trait of St. Ledger; I admired her complaisance, and provident care to secure her place; but could not resolve to imitate her. Though the *little*
band

band was in the flower of his age, and tolerable happy in point of features; I experienced a kind of aversion for him, which I could not account for, and promised myself to treat him very differently to what St. Ledger had done, should he make the same attempt on me. An occasion soon presented: one morning that the Marchioness had remained in bed longer than usual, I was in her dressing room preparing her toilette, when the Abbé entered. After cautiously shutting the door—'Good morrow my angel,' said he in his usual flattering accent. I thanked him, making a courtesy with great gravity.—'The Marchioness,' continued he, 'is very happy to possess so industrious and amiable a person about her.' 'I should be ungrateful,' replied I, 'if

‘if I did not endeavour to deserve my lady’s kindness.’—‘On my honour, she is charming,’ said he drawing near me, ‘what a complexion, what eyes, what vermilion lips, permit me, my dear girl, to steal a kiss!’ saying these words he attempted to salute me, but, quickly turning my head, his face came against my hair and covered it with powder, nor could I refrain laughing at his ridiculous appearance. The Abbé was, however, not repulsed, but attempted to ravish fresh favours; I therefore desired him very seriously to refrain from manners which were offensive to me; but the impudent *little band* was deaf to my entreaties, becoming more and more audacious. Regardless of his anger, I collected my whole strength, and as he endeavoured to embrace me, caught

caught him by the collar, and shook him so roughly, that he fell down in the middle of the room. Astonished at a resistance which he did not expect, the Abbé picked up his wig, which had dropped off in the scuffle, and assuming an air of tranquillity, and even gaiety, he said, 'Rosette your modesty enchants me, it even surpasses the idea I had formed. My behaviour must doubtless have given you a bad opinion of my character, but it was only to try your virtue; continue to act thus, and depend on my esteem and good offices, whenever you stand in need of them.' 'After this discourse he opened the door and left me.'

CHAP. II.

Continuation of the adventures of Rosette.

“HAD I not been informed of the libertine inclinations of the Abbé, I might have been duped by his discourse, but from the account of St. Ledger I had no doubt that not having attained his end he invented this subterfuge, to conceal his insolence, should I complain to my mistress. I clearly discovered that he added hypocrisy to libertinism, a vice that rendered him yet more odious to me. I did not fail to relate to St. Ledger what had passed in the dressing room, and how far the Abbé had carried his effrontery and dissimulation.— My dear Rosette,”
replied

replied St. Ledger, ' I dread the consequence of this event. I know the Abbé, he resembles the greater part of his colleagues, that is, he is a crafty vindictive knave, and will never forgive your refusal, but sooner or later seek revenge; the Marchioness is kind, but she is weak, and I have already told you what an ascendancy the little ecclesiastic has over her mind; however, as her son the Marquis will soon come home, and he hates the Abbé, we shall be clear of his company for some time.

" I had myself too bad an opinion of the Abbé, to think the fears of St. Ledger ill founded, and, therefore, resolved to act with such circumspection, that the little worthless wretch should gain no advantage over me. Some weeks.

weeks elapsed without his appearing to change his manners towards me, he spoke to me as usual, and when we met alone did not appear the least embarrassed; the only difference I remarked in his conduct was, that he did not praise me as formerly to the Marchioness. I had no doubt but this proceeded from a secret resentment, which he only waited a favourable opportunity to display more openly.

“The Marchioness had a great number of jewels, which were always kept in a casket upon her toilette. One day that she was dressing for an assembly, a valuable ring which she usually wore was missing, and our most diligent attempts to find it fruitless. The Marchioness was exasperated, reproaching St. Ledger and
myself

myself in the bitterest terms for our negligence; the Abbé was present: 'It is really astonishing, madam,' said he coolly to the Marchioness, 'but it is not possible that your ring should be lost, no one enters this apartment but your waiting women; St. Ledger has long served you, and you must be convinced of her fidelity. For Rosette,' continued he, lowering his voice, 'I believe her honest, and doubtless.'—He concluded in this abrupt manner, which at once discovered to me that he meant to fix the Marchioness's suspicions on me. This trait of wickedness inspired me with the most lively indignation, a torrent of tears in spite of my utmost efforts gushed from my eyes. 'Yes sir,' replied I with great heat, 'you have doubtless a right to think me incapable

capable of such an act of baseness, my conduct since I have had the honour to serve the Marchioness, must have given her, as well as yourself, a more favourable opinion of me;' saying these words, I gave him a look, whose expression he certainly comprehended.

"The Marchioness, as soon as dressed, was obliged to repair to her appointment, giving St. Ledger and myself strict orders to neglect nothing to find her ring. When we were alone, we remained some time without speaking, and gazing at each other as though we wished to divine and read each others thoughts; but this emotion of mutual mistrust soon gave way to the pleasing assurance of each others probity, and we both exclaimed at once, 'no, it is not

not thee, my dear friend, that could be guilty of such a despicable act, my heart proclaims thy innocence, and I banish every sentiment of distrust.'—'But how could this ring be lost?' continued St. Ledger, 'it surprises me; I perfectly remember putting it up myself last night in the casket.'—I remained some time lost in thought, at length a gleam of light beamed on my reflections. 'Yes my friend,' cried I, 'I am convinced that no one but the Abbé could take the ring, what he said before the Marchioness confirms me in the idea, the sound of his voice, and a certain confusion I remarked in his face, all contribute to convince me, that he is the author of this theft, which he wishes to throw on me, in order to ruin me with my mistress, and deliver him-

himself from the sight of a person who is become odious to him.'—'Do you think it possible,' replied St. Ledger, 'that the Abbé should be such a villain?'—'I have not the least doubt,' said I; 'when a man can so entirely forget his duty, what is he not capable of? neither do I think it impossible to obtain proofs of his guilt; he has probably concealed the ring some where in his apartment, let us search; heaven, who is the protector of innocence, will second our endeavours, and we may perhaps find it.' St. Ledger at first made some objections, but I represented to her so strongly that our mutual honour was concerned, that at length she consented. The Abbé had accompanied the Marchioness, we had, therefore, no fear of being surprised, and were no
sooner

sooner in his apartment then we began rumaging every place we could think of; his bureau was locked, but hoping that he might have concealed the key, I carefully sought every part of the chamber; at length chance led me to a china vase that stood in the corner, and lifting the lid, I found the wished for object: I instantly snatched it, ran to the bureau, which I opened and visited every drawer, but in vain, I could not discover the ring.—I was giving way to the most lively grief at thus finding my hopes frustrated, when Sé. Ledger informed me that those pieces of furniture had usually secret recesses; we therefore examined on all sides and at length on my pressing a button, I discovered a private drawer which was concealed behind another; I examined

vile hypocrite would easily have justified himself, and persuaded her that fearful of the consequences of our theft, we had determined to restore it, and throw the odium on him. After much consultation we determined that the Marchioness should find the ring herself, we therefore replaced it in the box, locked up the bureau and carefully putting the key where we found it; left the apartment.

“ We waited the Marchioness's return with impatience; her first question was to ask whether the ring was found, we answered by throwing ourselves at her feet, begging her not to impute to us a crime we were innocent of; adding that our characters required a complete justification, and entreating her to grant

us a favour that would entirely exculpate us.—‘I desire nothing so much,’ replied she, ‘as to be delivered from the suspicion I must entertain of one of you, and if the favour you ask can contribute towards it, I willingly grant it.’——St. Ledger then replied:——‘Madam, during the ten years that I have had the honour to serve you, I believe you have never had cause to suspect me of acting contrary to honesty, and my duty. Rosette has been but a short time in your service, your suspicions may therefore fall more forcibly on her, but I know her heart, and can answer for her as for myself—what I have to say must doubtless surprize you, we have strong reason to suspect that gentleman——’ pointing to the Abbé. The favour then we entreat,
is,

is, that yourself, madam, would search his apartment, and endeavour to discover the ring.'—These words caused the greatest surprize to the Marchioness, who replied with indignation, 'How dare you accuse a man as respectable for his probity, as for his sacred calling?' I kept my eyes fixed on the Abbé during this discourse of St. Ledger's, and discovered that when she mentioned visiting his apartment he changed colour, and underwent an embarrassment which he in vain endeavoured to conceal; however, recovering himself as much as possible, and doubtless depending on the Marchioness's partiality for him, he replied with affected carelessness, 'as those ladies accuse me, 'tis certainly just to grant their request.'—'Sir,' interrupted St. Ledger,

Ledger, 'our desire cannot injure your honour; if our suspicions are ill founded, let the shame fall upon us, we consent to suffer the utmost effects of the Marchioness's resentment. She is too good to forfeit the promise she has given us.' The Marchioness appeared irresolute, her visible perplexity made me dread the result, however, at length she said to the Abbé. 'Sir, I cannot refuse these girls so slender a satisfaction, nay I consent to it the more willingly, as it will serve to exculpate you of the crime they have dared lay to your charge. With these words the Marchioness rose and led the way to the Abbé's chamber, he following in silence, doubtless flattering himself that the secret drawer would not be discovered; for St. Ledger and myself, we already triumphed

triumphed, being certain of success. The Marchioness after searching several closets and other places, at length came to the bureau, the Abbé himself presented her with the key; she examined all the drawers, where not finding what she sought, her anger redoubled against us, 'Madam,' said St. Ledger, 'these pieces of furniture have always secret recesses, I think I discover one here;' with these words she pressed the button, and drew out the drawer that contained the ring.—I cannot describe to you the confusion of the gentleman of the *little band* at that moment; he was silent, his features betraying the utmost shame and confusion. The Marchioness took out the box, opened it, and discovered the ring.—Surprise deprived her of speech, but that emotion soon gave place

place to rage, 'Miserable wretch,' said she addressing him, 'what can you plead against such strong conviction? Is it possible you could be guilty of so mean and despicable an action? Is it thus you requite the friendship, I have had for you? This event opens my eyes, and make, me blush at my foolish partiality; good heaven, in what a worthless character have I placed my confidence!' The Abbé endeavoured to stammer some excuse, and to accuse us with having put the ring in his bureau.—'Villain,' interrupted the Marchioness with the utmost passion, 'darest thou to add calumny to thy baseness; quit my house this moment, and never more presume to appear before me.' With these words she left the Abbé, and returned to her own apartment.

"The

"The errors of the Marchioness had not stifled her natural good disposition: she thanked us for having undeceived her, and entreated us to excuse her unjust suspicions. I then told her of my adventure with the Abbé in the dressing room, and the resentment he had since shewn me. From what St. Ledger had related, I had no doubt but this information would have the effect I wished on the Marchioness. I was not mistaken, 'the monster, the villain,' exclaimed she, with an emotion of rage, at least equal to what she had felt at sight of the ring, 'to profane my house by so unworthy a conduct, to attempt the chastity of my servants, never could I have supposed him guilty of such detestable vice.'—This event evidently rendered the Marchioness unhappy for

some days, though she used her utmost endeavours to conceal it, I plainly discovered that she was greatly attached to the Abbé, and that no less a proof of his villany, would have induced her to banish him from her presence; nay, perhaps, when she had recovered her first indignation, she might have sought to excuse him, if I had not awakened her self-love by a recital of his attempts on me. Such is the general weakness of women, their hearts easily justifying every fault that does not interfere with their tenderness, and with less difficulty pardoning a crime in their lovers, than the most slight infidelity.

“Time destroys all, even the strongest impressions. The Marchioness soon forgot the Abbé; and her son arriving
at

at home, having permission of absence from his regiment, maternal affection entirely took possession of her heart. The Marquis de B—— was about thirty, tall, well made, handsome, and possessing all those brilliant qualifications that distinguish men of his rank, he had also all the faults common to them; was libertine, frivolous, devoid of principle, and greatly given to women, seeking rather to gratify his passions, than his understanding: he knew no rule but his inclination, no law but his desires, nor was there any thing but what he would have sacrificed to satisfy them, except his honour. Notwithstanding he was open, brave, and generous; his mother loved him beyond expression; he was her only son, and the day of his return was celebrated by

every possible demonstration of joy. The Marquis did not fail to ask after the Abbé; his mother related the history of the ring, and the unworthy behaviour of the *little band*. I happened to be present, the Marquis testified the utmost indignation. 'I ever suspected him capable of such meanness,' said he, 'and am charmed that this event has undeceived you in regard to his character.'—Then looking at me with an arch smile, 'I congratulate you Rosette,' said he, 'on having so skillfully cleared yourself from the disagreeable embarrassment in which the rascal had involved you; your manner of contriving it gives me as good an opinion of your wit, as your treatment of him does of your virtue; doubtless, so pretty a girl deserves the attention
of

of a more deserving character.' The tone and manner in which the Marquis said this made me blush; and I retired to hide my confusion. I soon discovered that the Marquis was not displeased with me, ever finding occasion to say something obliging; sometimes he praised the fairness of my complexion, other times the beauty of my hair, or the roses of my cheeks, and if he found me alone would attempt to steal a kiss; 'tis true I ever resisted these liberties, but I had not half the strength or inclination to repel him, as I had the Abbé, nor did I fail to discover the reason; the Abbé had inspired me with nothing but aversion, while on the contrary the Marquis pleased me; his manners were seducing, and he knew so well how to excuse

cuse himself, that though in his absence I determined to be angry, yet I never failed to forget my resolution in his presence. Two months elapsed in pursuits on the part of the Marquis, and in resistance on mine; my efforts, however, became daily weaker; for after struggling for a favour for a length of time, he generally concluded by obtaining it, which no sooner granted but he solicited another; nor was it virtue that protected me, from granting him the last favour, it was thy image Lanfon; which was still engraven on my heart, and momentarily reproached my inconstancy.

“My virtue, or rather what chastity I had remaining, was at the last gasp, when the Marchioness set off for Paris, where

where she passed three months every year, taking her whole family with her. We were four in the coach; the Marchioness, her son, St. Ledger, and myself, and had reached about half way to the capital, when my mistress finding herself indisposed obliged us to stop at Chalons. As her illness became more and more serious; St. Ledger and myself, watched her by turns. One evening that my companion had replaced me, I retired very early as I had been up the preceding night, and had just fallen into a profound sleep, when I was suddenly awoke by some one getting into bed, and clasping me in their arms. Overpowered by fear, I was on the point of calling for assistance; when the Marquis, for it was himself, put his hand on my mouth:

‘Tis

‘Tis me, Rosette,’ said he, ‘do not be alarmed.’—‘You,’ replied I, ‘then have I yet greater cause to fear, leave me I conjure you, sir; surely you would not use violence to a poor girl, and gain by surprize what you should owe to tenderness alone?’ The Marquis swore that he would never use force to obtain what he wished to be granted by love, but that his affection for me was so violent, that he could not resist the opportunity.—In short, he declared so much love, made me such fine promises, employed so much of that rhetorical amorous eloquence that men well know how to use; that though he did not convince my understanding, he seduced my heart so completely that I could refuse him nothing.—As frankness has ever constituted a part of my character,

character, I confessed to him freely that I had before had a lover, relating the manner in which we had been separated. This confession did not appear to give him the least pain; the great in general are not susceptible in this point, as self gratification is all they wish.

“My heart pleaded too strongly in favour of the Marquis, for him not to obtain his pardon; after settling every thing for a second interview, we parted mutually satisfied with each other.

CHAP. III.

Continuation of the adventures of Rosette.

“THE indisposition of the Marchioness was of shorter duration than
we

we had expected, and she was soon sufficiently re-established for us to continue our route. Arrived at Paris, we went to the hotel of the Duke de F——, who was brother to the Marchioness, and where she always resided during her stay in the capital; I frequently saw the Marquis alone, whose affection for me did not appear to decrease. For my own part, I loved him with that sincerity and warmth, which you know me capable of. St. Ledger soon discovered our connection, and as I well knew that she was not very scrupulous in those cases, I did not hesitate to inform her of the whole; far from blaming me, she congratulated me on my conquest.

“I was

"I was as happy as it is possible to be, when an unforeseen event suddenly altered my situation. The Marchioness, who had never perfectly recovered her indisposition fell dangerously ill, which daily encreasing, the physicians soon despaired of her life. The Marquis, St. Ledger and myself, never quitted her, her son was in the greatest affliction, nor was ours far inferior; for as well as being really attached to our mistress, we had to lose a comfortable situation, hard to be replaced. The Marchioness, finding her end approach, made her will, in which she left legacies to all her domestics: St. Ledger and myself having particular reason to be satisfied.

"The

would

“The Marchioness survived but a short time: St. Ledger and myself, sincerely lamented her. The Marquis appeared inconsolable, but time which even weakens tenderness, yet more easily blunts the acuteness of sorrow for the death of a beloved object. Some few weeks after the decease of his mother, the Marquis, whom I had rarely seen since that event, came to my apartment. ‘My dear Rosette,’ said he, ‘though you have lost a good mistress in my mother, you have yet a sincere friend left, who is determined to give you the most convincing proofs of his tenderness.’ He then told me that he had hired a house for me; that I should go to it on the morrow, when he hoped to surprize me agreeably. ‘As for St. Ledger,’ continued he, ‘as I know
know

know you are interested for her, I have engaged my aunt, the Dutchess of F——, to employ her in the same situation, that she enjoyed with my mother; so that she will have every reason to be satisfied.—I was delighted with the kindness of the Marquis, and throwing myself on his neck, testified my thanks with the warmest gratitude.

"The next day, a coach was sent to conduct me to my new dwelling; the house had the most elegant appearance, the furniture was rich, the servants numerous, the equipage brilliant; in short, the Marquis had left me nothing to wish for. After enjoying my surprize for some moments, 'It is all yours, Rosette,' said he, 'these people receive orders from you alone; you shall

shall also have two thousand crowns monthly, in order to furnish you with all the pleasures that Paris affords; I am determined that the Duke of C——'s mistress, shall burst with spite to see herself surpassed in magnificence.

"The last words of the Marquis, gave me to understand in what situation I was to appear, and that ostentation as much as love, had led him into such prodigious expence. You well know what power vanity has over the heart of a female, and how strong an attractive luxury and dress are to their minds; I therefore, made but few scruples to the Marquis, in reality I loved him tenderly, and love justifies every thing in the eyes of a woman.

"The

“The next day I was supplied with a most elegant wardrobe, the Marquis also presented me with a casket of jewels. My first appearance in my new finery was at the opera; notwithstanding the satisfaction that I experienced, I could not defend myself from a certain shame; I was confused, uneasy, and embarrassed. When I entered the box the Marquis had hired for me, I found myself, as it were, overburdened by the weight of my grandeur. The richness of my dress, and being a new face, soon fixed all eyes upon me; my embarrassment redoubled, and I was so greatly disconcerted as to be on the point of retiring; however, collecting all my spirits, I endeavoured to surmount my timidity, and fix my attention on some of the surrounding objects.

jects. I observed that the greater part of the audience kept their eyes upon me while some whispered, and others laughed and shrugged their shoulders; the fops crowded into the boxes neighbouring to mine, fixing their glasses and viewing me with the most undaunted accuracy, as though I had been an animal of another species. The Marquis soon joined me, and began a conversation with that easy familiarity, which discovered to every one our connection, consequently that it was to his generosity, I owed my present appearance. The opera over, the Marquis conducted me home, he was in high spirits, declaring that I had greatly honoured him, as my dress, diamonds, and person had been particularly admired. The satisfaction his vanity

received on this occasion, made him redouble his attention to me.

“I was speedily familiarized to my new state, and soon lost that bashfulness, which is frequently less the effect of modesty, than a diffidence of not acting up to what we appear. My house became the rendezvous of the young nobility, that were friends to the Marquis, who also brought their mistresses; thus the hours and days elapsed in a perpetual round of pleasure; the variety of which banished thought and weariness. The whirlpool in which I was engaged, did not give me time to examine my heart, every idea being employed in the enjoyment of the present; pride and shew are the rocks on which the

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sensibility of woman is frequently wrecked; the continual amusements which employ her mind, stifle by degrees the voice of reason in her heart, and, at length, from a continual habit of entertaining superficial sensations, she becomes incapable of any other, thinking she still follows the impulse of love, when in reality it is nothing more than coquetry. I still loved the Marquis, but my affections parted between so many different objects, must naturally weaken a sentiment that can admit of no competitor. I no longer was so anxious for the company of my lover, his absence gave me but little concern, and sometimes none; in short, I could make myself perfectly satisfied without him. Yet, notwithstanding I was sensible of
the

the flatteries of his friends, I was far from an idea of being unfaithful to him; a sentiment of honour, which was ever predominant at the bottom of my heart, curbed the effervescence of my humour and kept it within bounds: I owed every thing to the generosity of the Marquis, and gratitude was another bond which attached me to him.

“The time of the carnival was a new source of pleasure. One evening that I was at the opera-ball, and was by some means separated by the croud from the Marquis, being fatigued I sat down, hoping he would soon re-join me. I was employed in contemplating the numerous and joyful assembly, when a mask in a domino

came and seated himself by me, and began a very gallant conversation; as he expressed himself with a good deal of wit, I heard him with pleasure; he told me that he had long known me, that I had inspired him with the most lively affection, but that particular reasons had obliged him to conceal it. This conversation excited my curiosity; I asked the stranger to unmask, in order as I told him, that I might know the person whom I had inspired with such tender sentiments. I had just concluded these words, when I discovered the Marquis who was seeking me; I called to him, and the mask rising to quit me, said, 'Adieu, Rosette, don't fail to be at the next masked ball, and I will tell you more extraordinary

ordinary things than I have done to night.'

"I related to the Marquis the conversation I had been engaged in; he jested me on my conquest, saying, that doubtless it was some person who seized the opportunity of being disguised to make love to me; the mask, however, had told me some certain circumstances, that gave me room to suppose that he knew me perfectly, even mentioning different occurrences that had happened me. It was in vain that I racked my head to divine who it could be, my conjectures could fix on no one. This uncertainty redoubled my curiosity; I determined not to fail being at the next ball, and to neglect nothing to make the domino

unmask. Women ever judge of the importance of a secret by the care taken to conceal it.

“The day, I had waited with such impatience, at length arrived; the Marquis in the morning came to inform me, that he was obliged to go to Versailles on particular business, and which would detain him 'till the next day. I did not tell him of my intention of going to the ball, lest he should endeavour to dissuade me from it. He was no sooner departed, than I began my preparation, resolving to conceal my design from the servants, lest they should inform him of it. My waiting maid was the only one I trusted, as it was necessary I should have some person to accompany me.

Turned

Turned of midnight we went out at a back door, where two chairs she had hired waited for us. Arrived at the ball room, I looked on all sides to discover the mask I so much wished to find; we saw each other at the same moment; he immediately joined me, declaring in the warmest terms the pleasure he enjoyed in seeing me again; he then questioned me how I came, who accompanied me, and how long I intended to stay at the ball. When I had satisfied him on those different points, he entered into a lively and gallant conversation, in which he intermingled such knowledge concerning my former situation, that he redoubled the desire I had to know him, but all my endeavours to make him unmask were fruitless. At length

wearied with his obstinate refusal, I rose in a pet, 'Well,' said I, 'since you persist in not unmasking, I must conclude you have some reason to fear being known, therefore, you will excuse me from conversing longer with you.'—'You are not mistaken,' replied he laughing, 'however, be assured that in a short time your curiosity shall be completely satisfied.'—With these words he left me, and mingled with the croud: I remained near an hour without seeing him, and concluded he was gone, when I perceived him talking with a woman dressed as a Sultana. He did not seem inclined to hold any more conversation with me, but appeared to keep me in sight.

"As

“As curiosity was the principal motive that had brought me to the ball, and which I could not succeed in satisfying, I resolved to return home. I was accordingly on the point of leaving the ball-room, when the mask passed by me, ‘What going already, Madam?’ said he.—‘Yes,’ replied I coolly; he made no answer, but mingled among the masks.

“I got into the chair, my head filled with the strange mask, and completely vexed at not being able to discover who he was. These reflections employed my thoughts for some time, when looking at my watch, I saw by the light of a reflector, that I had been near half an hour on my way, when it was hardly a quarter of an

hour's walk from my house to the opera; I began to be uneasy, and looking out discovered, that I was not in the road home. My apprehensions redoubled; I called to the chairmen to stop, but they feigned not to hear me, and I was on the point of crying out for help, when they suddenly turned into a dark passage, the door of which was immediately shut; two men then lifted up the head of the chair, seized me, and notwithstanding my cries and resistance, carried me into an apartment, where seating me, they locked the door and departed.

“I cannot paint the surprize and fear into which this adventure threw me; my senses were in the utmost disorder, my troubled imagination presented

mented a thousand confused ideas, whose chaos I in vain endeavoured to disperse. —At length, however, my alarm in some measure dissipated, and I began to reflect on the danger which I ran. I recollected the discourse of the mask, and had no doubt he was the authour of the disagreeable event that had befallen me.

“I was absorbed in such reflections, when on a sudden the door opened, and who think you appeared before me?—The Abbé! that unworthy ecclesiastic, who had sought to make me suspected of a crime, which had never entered my idea.—I gave a scream of horror—‘You, doubtless, did not expect to see me,’ said he, as he approached, ‘my presence is certainly not desirable to

you, but that's indifferent; I have at length caught you little wanton, and this time, however, you shall not escape me.'

"These words excited my indignations, 'Infamous wretch,' cried I, 'is it not enough that you endeavoured to dishonour a girl who had never injured you, but you dare even employ against her, the most unworthy artifices to deprive her of liberty; but be sure the vengeance of heaven will overtake you.'—'Heaven,' replied he, 'troubles itself very little with those trifling manoeuvres of mortals; I therefore do not dread its vengeance; but for your part fear mine, if you do not efface by a speedy complaisance, the just resentment I have against you; can you say
that

that you have not offended me, have not you repulsed my most tender advances? but you, doubtless, reserve your favours for the Marquis; he, in your eyes, is more worthy than me; can I forget the injury you did me with the Marchioness? with such provocations confess, Rosette, that I have ample subject of complaint against you; but beauty excuses all, and my revenge shall be pleasant on both sides, if you consent to grant what I demand.'—

'And what would you demand?' replied I.—'Cannot you guess,' answered the little wretch, 'what is usually required from a pretty girl, who pleases us? I saw you at the opera, the sight of you, Rosette, renovated the old impression you had made on my heart; I conversed with you by the assistance
of

of my mask, and have fortunately succeeded in playing you this little trick, not half so severe you must allow, as that you served me with the Marchioness. Come, my dear girl,' continued he, drawing near me, 'don't make such difficulties, believe me an Abbé is every whit as good as an officer.'

"Even had I not before hated the Abbé, the tone of raillery he assumed on this occasion, and the violence he had offered, would have rendered him odious to me. 'Begone, sir,' replied I, with warmth, 'or expect the effects of my anger, be assured, that while I have strength remaining, I will defend myself from your brutal passion.' Saying these words, I disengaged my
hand

hand which he had seized, and retiring into a corner of the room, I threatened to tear out his eyes if he approached me.

"The Abbé was not possessed of prodigious strength, and was likewise cowardly, as most villains are; he saw I intended to keep my word, therefore remained at a distance.—'Since you are so stubborn,' said he, with eyes full of fury, 'I shall take proper measures to humble you: remember you are entirely in my power; never shall you leave this place until you have consented to my desires.'—With this menace he left the apartment.

"A little recovered from the agitation, into which this scene had thrown me,

me, I cast my eyes around. The room in which I was had but one window, and that double grated, opening into a narrow and lonely yard. I surmised that this apartment was kept on purpose for such business, and that I was in one of those convenient houses, where for interest the most villanous debauchery is suffered, and also where atrocious guilt is often added to libertinism. Overcome with fatigue, I threw myself in my cloaths on a tolerable bed, that was placed in an alcove, first taking care to place all the chairs before the door, in such a manner, that if any one entered the noise they must make in falling might awaken me. I slept for some hours, in as much tranquillity as my disagreeable situation would permit; no one attempted to disturb

turb me, and about one o'clock, finding my spirits recruited, I rose. A few minutes after some one opened the door, it was a woman in years—'Would you wish to dine, madam,' said she, 'I am here to wait on you.'—'For heaven sake,' replied I, 'suffer me to leave this house, where I was trepanned, and now am kept against my will.'—'I am sorry!' answered she, 'not to be able to oblige you in that point, but you have nothing to fear; the Abbé loves you too well, to wish any thing but your happiness.' She then said, I ought to excuse the little violence I had sustained, since it was occasioned by love; she then boasted his merit and generosity, sparing no means to persuade me to receive him favourably; but her rhetoric was fruitless. I detested the Abbé, perhaps, less
through

through virtue, than the obstinate aversion natural to my sex, and thought I could prefer death to submitting to his desires. The old woman, finding her persuasions were thrown away, left me; but presently returned, spread a table, and brought up a tolerable dinner: as I really wanted nourishment, I sat down and satisfied my hunger, after which I renewed my entreaties; but in vain, she was deaf to all I could urge. The dinner over, she retired and left me to my reflections. I resolved to wait with firmness, and suffer my spirits to be as little depressed as possible; some books which I found in the room, served to banish the disagreeable idea of my situation during the remainder of the day.

“ The

“The next morning the Abbé paid me a visit, his discourse was much like the first, as were also my answers. Astonished at a resistance, which he, doubtless, did not expect to be so obstinate, he had recourse to other means; he threw himself at my feet, asked my pardon for the violence he had used, declaring he adored me; his heart never before having experienced so lively a passion, and that he should think himself the happiest of mankind, would I grant him the least return; that the moment I answered his love I should be free, and have no reason to regret the liberality of the Marquis.—‘Well sir,’ returned I, ‘if you really love me, prove it by restoring me to liberty, I will forget all and think of you at least with gratitude; if your love is as sincere

as you say, time may, perhaps, inspire me with more favourable sentiments; but while you detain me in this odious captivity hope nothing from me.'

—'Ah, Rosette,' replied he, 'when any one loves as distractedly as I do, is it possible for them to relinquish a certainty for an uncertainty, and to reap no other fruit from such a desperate attempt than a faint hope, which would perhaps vanish in delusion.'

"The Abbé ceased, and appeared lost for some time in thought, the gloom that overspread his features, and the lascivious fire that sparkled in his eyes, sufficiently expressed the agitation that reigned in his mind. At length breaking silence, 'No,' cried he, 'I cannot determine to abandon
my

my prey, I will rather suffer a thousand deaths; consider your situation, and prepare to meet me with more favourable sentiments, or tremble for the event; I am master here, nothing can snatch you from my power:—if in three days you do not determine to answer my passion, expect my vengeance.’—With these words the Abbé left me; his menaces and rage began to intimidate me; I knew him for a villain, and had no doubt but that he would proceed to the last extremity to satisfy his brutal inclination. I even feared for my life;—courage is not the virtue of a woman, their natural weakness does not permit them to persevere in a bold resolution, and I much doubt whether the most virtuous would hesitate between death and the loss of honour.—

honour.—Lucretia herself shewed she was a woman, by suffering the insult before she could resolve on death.

"I remained 'till the next day in the most cruel agitation, dreading the moment of the Abbé's return for my answer, and honestly confess my fear was beginning to struggle against my aversion, when a very well dressed woman entered the apartment.—'Madam,' said she, 'you are free, and I am particularly happy that I have pleasure to announce it to you. The Abbé has been arrested this morning by order of the government, and conducted to Charenton, where he will, doubtless, expiate his numberless tricks.'—You may imagine what pleasure I experienced at this news; I threw my arms round

round the woman's neck, 'What thanks do I owe you,' said I, with rapture, 'but favour me by informing me to whom I am so much obliged.'—'I fear,' replied she, 'when you know me, these favourable sentiments will change to indignation; I however hope that my frankness will engage you not to injure me, as I truly confess you have it in your power. I am mistress of this house, and to cut the matter short, the superintendant of the pleasures of the first people in the capital; to support my credit, I am forced to oblige all those who honour me with their confidence, and the Abbé was one of my best customers. He communicated to me the project he had formed to get you into his power, and engaged me to second him; in order to remove my
scruples

scruples he assured me positively that yourself would be charmed with the stratagem he meant to adopt. On this affirmation I consented, your resistance began to make me repent my complaisance, I reproached the Abbé in the warmest terms, and was on the point of obliging him to set you at liberty, when I was informed of his being arrested.'

"I found by this discourse, that the superintendant of the pleasures of the capital dreaded the effects of my resentment, and sought to palliate her part in the business; but I was so impatient to get out of this despicable dwelling, that I promised every thing she asked, and at length followed her into a lower room, when at my desire she

she sent for a coach.—Madame Gourdan (which was her name) overwhelmed me with politeness, renewing her entreaties that I would not seek revenge. I repeated my promise, got into the coach, and ordered it to my home.—During the way I figured to myself the uneasiness of the Marquis, and the joy he would experience at my return. ‘What an agreeable surprize,’ said I, as I alighted at the gate. ‘I rang, rushed in, and had reached half way up stairs, when the servant who opened the door ran after me, and very politely asked my name.—I looked at him with astonishment; his face was unknown, ‘Am I not at home,’ replied I, almost petrified with amazement: ‘The footman doubtless took me for a mad woman, and stared at me with a surprize nearly equal

to my own.'—'Madam,' answered he, 'I have been here but two days, yet am sure there is no mistress in this house but the Baronness de Syrcourt, she is now in her apartment, if you wish to speak to her, doubtless, she can inform you farther.'

"These words suddenly struck me, I had no doubt but the Marquis, having sought in vain to discover me, had concluded that I had eloped with some new lover, and accordingly discharged the servants, and let my house to this Baroness. I remained to ask no more questions, but immediately ordered the coach to drive to the Marquis's hotel. In the way I could not help reflecting on his conduct; the haste with which he had let my house was certainly a
bad

bad augur, I began to dread that he was changed, and some other object had replaced me in his heart. I was distracted with such ideas, when the coach stopped at the hotel. Without alighting I asked if the Marquis was at home, the swiss replied in the negative, saying also that he would not return till night. I now found myself in the greatest embarrassment, I knew not where to go, nor how to dispose of myself; my perplexity was extreme, when a coach passed by which I knew belonged to an Italian nobleman, who was very intimate with the Marquis.—He instantly discovered me, and called to his servants to stop.—‘Is it possible, fair Rosette,’ said he, that you are returned; ‘all your friends gave you up for lost.’—‘Tell me I conjure you,’

interrupted I, ' what the Marquis has said, and thought of my absence, or has he intirely forgot me?'—' He was for two long days,' replied the Count, ' in the most mortal affliction; but this place is not proper for conversation, favour me with your company to my hotel, and I will tell you all.'

" I accepted the offer, ordering my coachman to follow his carriage. Arrived at the hotel, the Count received me with the utmost kindness.—' I experience the most lively pleasure,' said he, at your return, ' but deign to inform me what has happened to you since the evening you disappeared on leaving the opera.'—My recital astonished the Count, he congratulated me on my escape from the infamous Abbé!—' But
inform

inform me,' said I, 'the consequences of my disappearance, what the Marquis thought of it, and whether he still loves me?'—'I will satisfy you as well as I am able,' replied he, 'your waiting woman at her return from the ball, imagined your chair first, and was greatly surprised on getting out to see her chairmen run off hastily without their fare, and also to find you were not returned. She alarmed the house, the servants with flambeaux examined all the streets you must have passed in the way home, but as you well know their search was vain. The next day the Marquis arrived from Versailles, his first visit was to your house, where he was informed of all that had passed. He came instantly to me, and we jointly made inquiries throughout Paris, but

could discover no trace of you.—The Marquis then concluded you had formed some new acquaintance, and that your flight was voluntary. He conceived a lively sorrow, which lasted as I before informed you, two long tedious days, at length yielding to the representations of his friends, who jested him on his heroical constancy, he determined to banish the idea of your falsehood by a new attachment. This project was executed as soon as formed, and since yesterday the Marquis is the declared lover of an opera dancer, whom he supports with the magnificence usual to him.'

"This relation of the Count's gave me the most acute grief, for I really loved the Marquis; added to the sorrow
I felt

I felt for the loss of his heart, my self-love was deeply wounded at the easiness with which he had consoled himself. The Count perceived the impression his inconstancy had made on me.—
‘Be comforted, my dear Rosette, said he, ‘young and charming as you are, the loss of one lover may always be repaired by the conquest of fifty.—
‘Tis true the Marquis is amiable and generous, but there are others so as well as he, and who will also be proud to replace him.’—I interrupted the Count, ‘No, sir,’ said I, ‘I cannot be so easily comforted for the loss of a man I tenderly loved; I will see the Marquis, reproach him with his inconstancy, moved by my tears he will become sensible of his error, and restore me his affection.’—‘I well know,’

replied the Count, ' that the tears of a pretty woman have great power over a man's heart ; but to give you my opinion frankly, I doubt their success in this case : you are not yet acquainted with courtiers, love to them is but a secondary passion, easily entering their hearts and as easily forgotten. If they support their mistresses magnificently, it is that the world may admire their generosity, and wonder at their splendor ; there reigns a kind of rivalry among the young noblemen in this matter, as who shall have the most elegant and handsome mistress. I believe 'tis very rare for them to return to one they have abandoned ; nay, was the Marquis even inclined to live with you as formerly, the fear of passing for a love sick fool would prevent him ;
there

there is nothing so dreadful to courtiers as ridicule, and I have no doubt they would sacrifice their dearest affections sooner than incur it.—Add to all this, the Marquis appears enraptured with his new mistress, her situation as an opera dancer gives her a price, in reality imaginary, but valuable in the eyes of a man of the world. These women are publicly known, and the possession of them is more flattering, because many dispute the pre-eminence of gaining them; the dancer is also new to the Marquis, which is no trifle in her favour, in a country where things frequently please for no other cause.—From these reasons, I think you will not be successful,’ continued the Count; ‘believe me, my dear Rosette, forget an inconstant lover.—If your heart can feel

disposed to return my affection, I offer you the same situation you enjoyed with the Marquis, but with a firmer attachment; you always pleased me, and had you been free, I had a long time since made you the proposal.'

"I was greatly embarrassed how to answer him; in the situation I found myself there was no time for hesitation; but I could not so suddenly resolve to form a new engagement. Affection alone had given me to my first lover; the Marquis owed his success partly to that sentiment, and partly to surprize. A secret voice rose from the bottom of my heart, and whispered my degradation in yielding myself up to a man, for whom I did not feel the least tenderness; but the woman who hesitates

tates is half vanquished.—The Count remarked my perplexity, renewed his entreaties, and at length so completely dazzled my vanity, and seduced my heart by his insinuating discourses, that he surmounted all my scruples,

“ My situation was soon as brilliant as before the Abbé's treachery. The Count d'Orfino enjoyed a considerable revenue, and was at least as liberal as the Marquis, added to which he truly loved me and sought to prevent my wishes, with a delicacy and tenderness unknown to the former. My heart soon conceived the same sentiments for him; a man may speedily gain the affection of a woman if he flatters her self-love, and studies to gratify her inclinations; gratitude must necessarily

follow, and is but the fore-runner of a softer sensation. Time instead of decreasing strengthened my union with the Count, I endeavoured to merit the continual proofs of tenderness he bestowed on me, by an attention and good humour, whose power women in similar situations are not sufficiently aware of, and to which my lover was peculiarly sensible, possessing none of that French frivolity, which satisfied with the surface seeks no farther, and that the softest attachments weary if long continued. The Count was rather of a serious disposition, his affection once gained it was permanent, constant in love as in friendship, the continuance of either served only to strengthen the bond. His understanding was rather solid than brilliant, his disposition mild
and

and good tempered, and without weakness or falsehood supple and conciliatory. He particularly loved a small and select society, and gave into the turbulent pleasures of the capital less through inclination than custom and fashion. We frequently passed whole days together without the least weariness. The Count had little trouble in detaching me from that frivolous gaiety, and taste for varied pleasures that I had imbibed in the company of the Marquis. A life of tranquillity began to be delightful to me; to please my lover and enjoy his society, was the utmost boundary of my wishes. The disposition of woman is like wax, and easily receives every impression; a skillful man may model it to his liking, once possessed of her

her heart he has little trouble to form her inclinations to his wishes.

CHAP. IV.

Continuation of the history of Rosette.

I Led a life of the utmost tranquillity and happiness with the Count, equally loving and beloved, when one day he returned home melancholy and thoughtful. Alarmed at a manner that was unusual to him, I entreated him to inform me the cause.—‘My dear Rosette,’ replied he, ‘I have just received a letter, which in any other circumstances must have given me pleasure, but as we are situated can only afflict, since it must necessarily separate me from you.’—‘What, my dear Count,’ cried I, ‘will
you

you abandon me? yet no, I know your heart too well to fear it; but what contains that fatal letter which can oblige you to such an alternative. The Count then informed me that his father had recalled him to fill an important situation, which the king designed him.— ‘Thus you see, Rosette,’ continued he, ‘the necessity of obedience, I cannot even delay my departure; the order is punctual and should I fail, I must incur both my father’s anger, and the king’s displeasure. Yet do not fear, I will take care to support you with ease and comfort, for though far from you, your interest must ever be dear to me.’— ‘Alas’, interrupted I, ‘what can repay the loss of yourself, what can replace you in my heart; there is my grief, in losing you do I not lose every

every thing? you surely never loved me or you could not so easily resolve to quit me for ever.'—'That reproach is unjust,' replied he, 'I love you tenderly, and shall at least be as much grieved at this separation as yourself, therefore cease to accuse me, and believe me when I assure you that nothing less than my father's commands could tear me from an attachment which is so dear to me.'

"I sincerely loved the Count, the idea of being separated from him for ever overwhelmed my heart with sorrow, tears streamed from my eyes.—'What, my dear Count,' said I, my voice almost inarticulate through grief, 'must we then part, must I lose you when become so dear to me now that

your presence is necessary to my happiness, you that are a thousand times dearer than my life, alas I would have attended you to the world's end!"

"The Count appeared moved by my tenderness, he even shed tears, and after remaining some time silent said to me; 'Well Rosette, since you really love me, and seem so grieved at this separation, there is still one way left to avoid it, you may follow me to Italy.—But as it is necessary I should be particularly careful of my conduct in my own country, we must see each other privately; however, you know that mystery in love is said to augment the charm.—Have you sufficient resolution to leave your native country, to lead in a foreign one a sedentary and retired life; but that I will

will endeavour to render as pleasing as possible.'—I embraced the Count with transport, declaring that this offer was the dearest proof of tenderness which he had ever given me, and that I would repay it by an inviolable fidelity.

"The Count left me to prepare for his journey, I did the same, my heart overflowing with love and gratitude.

"The next day we sat off in a coach and six horses, using the utmost dispatch. I shall not lengthen my recital by a detail of our journey or the towns we passed through, topographical descriptions fit ill upon a woman; besides when we travel with a lover, we are regardless of every other object however worthy attention.

"After

“After having crossed the chain of mountains which separates Italy from the rest of Europe, we began to breathe the pure and mild air of that once famous country. On our arrival at Rome it was necessary to separate, as we could not proceed to Naples without danger of our intimacy being discovered; it was therefore agreed that I should remain at Rome until I heard from the Count. Though our parting was but for a few days I was deeply afflicted; the Count promised to write to me on his arrival, and as soon as possible to send for me to join him.

“The inn-keeper where I lodged had a daughter about my own age, very amiable and handsome, as the Count had taught me Italian sufficient to make myself

myself understood, the company of this young woman greatly lessened the uneasiness I should otherways have sustained during his absence. Accompanied by herself and her father I visited what was remarkable at Rome.

“Eight days after the Count’s departure, I received a letter, in which he informed me that his father had expressed the utmost pleasure at his speedy arrival, and had presented him to the king the day following, who had received him with the greatest kindness, and immediately invested him with the important charge he had promised. ‘However,’ continued the Count, ‘though ambition and the duties of nature have totally employed me since my arrival, yet love has not lost its empire
over

over my heart; I have hired in the suburbs of the city a pretty house which is now furnishing for your reception.— The Count concluded by telling me that in a few days, he should send some one to conduct me to Naples.

“I instantly answered my lover’s letter, affection and gratitude were my dictators, you may therefore suppose he had no reason to be dissatisfied with it.

“The Count was exact in fulfilling his promise, for about a week after a man arrived with a Berlin, and presented me a letter, in which the Count informed me that all was ready for my reception. I was too impatient to see my lover not to hasten my departure, though I was truly sorry to leave the
young

young Italian, who on her part shed tears at our separation.

“ After three days journey through a most beautiful country I arrived at Naples. The man whom the Count had employed, conducted me to the house provided to receive me. Here I had fresh subject to admire the magnificence of my lover; my house was furnished with elegant simplicity, its situation delightful, my apartment opening into a spacious and well laid out garden, beyond which were meadows diversified with trees and rivulets, yet more distant was the most varied and enchanting prospect, which was at length bounded by a chain of mountains, among which the eye distinguished that astonishing volcano, which
at

at intervals throws out pyramids of fire, exhibiting at once a scene both sublime and terrible. I was delighted with my new dwelling, which I continued admiring until it was time to retire to rest. I had hardly risen in the morning when the Count arrived; I leave you to judge the pleasures we experienced after a fortnight's separation. Lovers do not measure time like the rest of mankind, days are to them as moments when together, and hours are ages when asunder.

"We made the necessary arrangements to conceal our intercourse, giving out that I was a young widow who came to Italy for the benefit of my health, and seldom went out.

"I lived with the Count during a year in the most delightful intimacy. I led a retired life, which was notwithstanding very pleasing to me as I enjoyed every indulgence that could tend towards banishing its uniformity. My lover seldom passed a day without coming to see me, devoting to me every hour he could possibly spare from the different duties he had to fulfil, and frequently bringing his father's secretary with him. This young man, to a good person added an excellent understanding and chearful temper; he was of a respectable family, but losing his parents young, and being left without fortune, the Marquis d'Orfino, who was particularly attached to his father, had taken him under his protection. Antonio (which was his name) had been
educated

educated with the Count, his natural good temper had gained the affection of the latter, who when he returned from his travels gladly renewed his old attachment.

“The gentle and polite manners of Antonio soon gained him my friendship, his chearful and amusing conversation greatly pleased me, and his company after that of the Count was to me the most desirable. This amiable young man appeared equally satisfied with me, paying me a thousand little attentions; studying to discover if possible my wishes, and endeavouring to gratify them with a haste which I attributed to his friendship. Thus all concurred to make me happy, when on a sudden Antonio entirely lost his usual

cheerfulness, becoming gloomy, thoughtful, and melancholy, and when he was alone with me particularly constrained and embarrassed. I at first suspected that he had some amorous intrigue which perplexed him, and frequently joked him on his change of temper in the presence of the Count, entreating him to bring me acquainted with the object of his tenderness. Antonio assured me with the utmost warmth that I was entirely mistaken, that he had no connection of the kind, and was himself ignorant what had caused such a change in his humour.

“ Notwithstanding, the disposition of the secretary altered daily, melancholy was imprinted on his features, and it was easy to discover that some secret sorrow

sorrow preyed on his mind; frequently when alone with me he preserved a gloomy silence and appeared lost in reflection. When his eyes met mine, his face was dyed with crimson, and he experienced a confusion that he in vain endeavoured to conceal. In any other situation I should not have failed to discover that I was the cause of the amazing change in the temper of Antonio; for women are peculiarly keen in that point, and are seldom deceived: usually reading truly in the heart of a man when they are the object of his tenderness, it is in vain that he strives to conceal it, every thing betrays him, a gesture, a word, a look, declare the smothered flame; but when our own hearts are pre-occupied, and we sincerely

love, we seek little to discover what is of so little importance to us.

“The Count was more clear sighted than me. One day that we were alone, and I was testifying to him my uneasiness at the state of Antonio, he replied, ‘I have particularly watched him for some days, and am much mistaken if I have not discovered the cause of his melancholy.’—‘And what can it be?’ my dear Count,’ replied I warmly.—‘Why he loves you, Rosette,’ answered he.—‘You jest,’ returned I; ‘Antonio in love with me! ’tis impossible. ‘Is he not your friend, is he not acquainted with our intimacy?’—‘Love,’ replied the Count, ‘is a thief, which frequently steals into our hearts when we are least aware. Antonio has doubtless given

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way without mistrust to the pleasure of conversing with an amiable woman, and the custom of seeing you has given rise to a passion which appears to make such rapid progress in his heart. His situation really grieves me; I truly esteem this young man, and would do any thing in my power to lessen the melancholy that devours him.'

"The manner in which the Count pronounced these last words surprized me. I imagined that such a discovery would have excited an emotion of jealousy in his heart; on the contrary far from blaming the secretary he pitied him, and, as he expressed it, would do any thing to lessen his distress.—It appeared to me that friendship was stronger than love in the heart of the Count; an idea

that gave me the utmost vexation.—
'Do I really understand you,' replied I,
'is it possible that the situation of Antonio can interest your friendship, without causing any other emotion? I see but too clearly that you no longer love me, and to please you I should doubtless reply to the passion of your friend.'

"The Count was sometime silent, at length assuming an air rather serious than tender, he replied, 'My dear Rosette, I must open my whole heart to you: I declare that I truly love you, consequently what I have to say is extremely painful to me; but you well know that there are sacred duties which an honest man should ever strive to fulfil.—My father has long pressed me to form some engagement, which I however

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ever have always evaded, by declaring that I had no inclination for marriage; but my affection for you was in reality the cause of my refusal. Notwithstanding my father has not discontinued his persuasions, and yesterday proposed a rich heiress, who would be a very advantageous match for me: you well know that among people of rank, similarity of situation and fortune form connections; disposition being little or not at all considered: it is not therefore requisite that I should bring my wife an undivided heart. Notwithstanding I have too rigid an attachment to my honour and duty, when once engaged in the bonds of marriage, to continue a connection which they must both condemn; the eyes of a wife are clear-sighted, and however small her tender-

ness might be for me, would soon discover our intimacy. 'Tis therefore impossible to marry without breaking off my connection with you: filial piety prescribes submission to the will of a father who cannot have long to live, and who is continually entreating me to give him that consolation before he descends to the grave. I shall not enter into the other consideration which relates to my rank and civil existence; but leave you to judge, Rosette, if all these motives are not sufficient to break a connection which is and has so long been dear to me.'

"I cannot describe to you my grief at this discourse of the Count's. 'It is then settled,' exclaimed I, shedding a torrent of tears: 'you leave me for ever,

ever, you abandon me without giving me a right to complain: nature and honour demand it.'—'No, Rosette,' interrupted the Count, 'do not think I will abandon you, the most sincere friendship shall succeed love; shall watch over you, and place you in ease and happiness: that sentiment prompted the discourse which so apparently vexed you, as you were ignorant of the motive; necessitated as I am to break a connection so dear to me, can I give you a stronger proof of esteem and tenderness, than by wishing you united to a man whom I love as a brother? the affection he bears you will easily dissipate his scruples. I well know his excellent disposition, and good qualities; you cannot fail being happy with him. I take upon myself the care of

your fortunes, for never, my dear Rosette, shall you complain of having known me.'

"I saw it would be useless to endeavour to alter the Count's resolution; and though in declaring the motives which obliged him to leave me, he had not spoke of it as determined, yet I could not doubt but he had resolved it: his reasons were also so justifiable that I could not refute them. I therefore replied to the Count that his happiness was too dear for me to object to any thing that might contribute to it, that his friendship was in some measure an indemnification for the loss of his affection; but that though I sincerely felt the advantage that might accrue to me from the union he proposed,

posed, yet I could not consent to it, my heart being incapable of any sentiment but grief.

“The Count appeared to experience a secret satisfaction at the manner in which I resigned myself to my fate, and left me after again renewing his protestations in my favour. Thus in losing a lover, I at least preserved a friend, whose honour would ever shield me from want. He remained absent two days, and on the third came accompanied by Antonio; his manner was serious without coldness.—‘I come to bid you adieu, my dear Rosette,’ said he, as he entered, ‘we must at length part; the sacrifice is to me cruel, but absolutely necessary.’ He then informed me that he had yielded to the

persuasions of his father, and that his marriage was fixed for the day following. Though this news was in great measure expected, the grief it occasioned was as acute as if I had been totally a stranger to it: I however attempted to conceal my trouble, and affected a firmness my heart was far from feeling. 'If you suffer in making this sacrifice,' replied I to the Count, 'alas, how much more must it afflict me? I will, however, endeavour to overcome my weakness; you make your tenderness yield to duty, I cannot do less than imitate you; may you be happy, 'tis the sincere wish of her to whom you are dearer than life.' — 'My beloved Rosette,' replied he, 'we shall only change sentiments, it not being possible for us to continue lovers,

lovers, we will be sincere friends. I present Antonio to you, receive him from my hand, his good qualities have already gained your esteem, and I have no doubt will soon conciliate your affection.' Saying these words he embraced me; my heart was too much oppressed to suffer me to answer, I pressed him in my arms, and we remained for some moments in that energetic silence which is the effect of excess of sensibility. At length the Count, making an effort, tore himself from my embrace, saying, 'Receive this last kiss of love;' and instantly left me.

"Antonio wept with me; he neither mentioned his passion nor the rights which the kindness of the Count gave him over my heart, he easily discovered
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that this was no time, and that it was necessary that the first emotion of my grief should evaporate. When he took leave he asked permission to visit me sometimes.—He accordingly did so, and two days afterwards informed me that the Count was married the evening before to a very amiable lady. I suffered less on this information than I had expected; for when hope is entirely destroyed reason regains her empire, and time and absence completely heal a wound over which reflection had spread a salutary dressing, though on the first view it had appeared incurable. The company and conversation of Antonio did not a little contribute towards calming my affliction; not a day passed without my seeing him, his manners were so mild and insinuating,
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He described with such expressive and enchanting ingenuity the tenderness he felt for me, that I soon began to listen with pleasure. In short, his presence became necessary to me, I was dissatisfied without him, and from such an attachment to love, the space is very easily surmounted. Antonio remarked the progress he had made in my heart, and redoubled his attention and assiduities. In short six weeks had hardly elapsed since the marriage of the Count, before I loved Antonio as tenderly as ever I had d'Orfino. Let not this astonish you, for I repeat, Lanson, that love is necessary to the heart of a woman of feeling: with them affection is a phoenix whose ashes ever give birth to a new passion.'

C H A P.

CHAP. V.

Continuation of the adventures of Rosette.

"I Had not seen the Count since our separation, but he had been particularly careful in sending by Antonio the remittances necessary for the support of my household. One morning, when I was dressing, the latter arrived; I could not but discover that some melancholy event oppressed him, and hastily asked the cause: he informed me that the Marquis d'Orfino, the Count's father, had been suddenly struck with an apoplexy that left little hopes of his life. The grief of Antonio did too much honour to his heart for me to seek to restrain it.

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As his presence was necessary at the hotel he left me sooner than usual, and the next morning wrote me a note in which he informed me that the Marquis was dead, and the house in the deepest affliction; that it being impossible for him to absent himself on such an occasion, he had endeavoured to make himself some amends by writing to me.

“ I was grieved at the death of the Marquis, as I knew the sorrow it must occasion the Count and Antonio. Notwithstanding, this event was fortunate for myself; the Count, on becoming possessor of so considerable a fortune, had it amply in his power to execute the benevolent promises he had made myself and my new lover, who had frequently

frequently testified to me his fears that the Marquis would not easily consent to his marriage with a stranger, whose family was unknown to him. This obstacle was removed by his death, and nothing now opposed an union which I as ardently wished to take place as Antonio himself. When he came to visit me, I could not help remarking in spite of his grief a certain satisfaction which doubtless was caused by the reason I have given. He informed me that the Count had assured him that as soon as his mourning would permit he would celebrate our marriage.

“ We waited in pleasing expectation the moment that was to unite us for ever: the tenderness of Antonio augmented daily. At length the Count,
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(now the Marquis) realized his promise by espousing me to Antonio, presenting me with a fortune, and procuring a very lucrative employ for my husband. The house where we dwelt was adjoining his hotel, nor did a day pass without our paying or receiving visits from him. The Marquis respected and treated me as the wife of his friend; nor had I any sentiment for him but friendship and gratitude.

“Our benefactor had a sister much younger than himself, and as handsome as accomplished. I need not however describe her to you, since she is no other than Signora Hortensia.”

“What,” cried I, interrupting Rosette, “is Hortensia then the sister of
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the Marquis d'Orfino?'—'Yes,' replied she, 'as sure as she was the companion of my captivity; but I will haste to conclude a recital which has doubtless wearied you from its length. However, my dear Lanfon,' added she laughing, 'you know women are not naturally very laconic, you therefore must pardon me in favour of my sex.'

"I assured Rosette that her recital had greatly interested me, and that I was particularly curious to hear the remainder.—'I was,' said she, 'I think mentioning Signora Hortensia. Though you may have judged of her personal charms, you can form no estimate of those of her mind; it is necessary to live with her to appreciate them properly. I had the happiness to please her,

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her, and used my utmost efforts to merit the distinction with which she honoured me, by which means I soon entirely gained her friendship. Nothing was wanting to complete my felicity: I was esteemed by the Marquis, beloved by his sister, honoured by the Marchioness, and adored by Antonio: we lived in happy tranquillity in the bosom of mediocrity; our minds and hearts in the most perfect unison; two children, the pledges of our mutual tenderness strengthening the bonds that united us. A woman who has committed a weakness, is usually more tender and assiduous to please than one whose life has been constantly regular before marriage.

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“An event as unfortunate as unexpected interrupted the happiness I enjoyed; separating me at once from my husband and children, whom perhaps I should never more have enjoyed the hope of meeting, had not heaven brought you into those odious countries, where men keep women like animals in a menagerie.

“The Marquis had a country house on the sea coast, where I frequently went to pass some days in fine weather with Signora Hortensia. Our greatest pleasure was to walk together, to go from hut to hut, visit the poor inhabitants, and give them assistance. In one of these excursions we were suddenly assailed by a band of armed men, who seized us in spite of our cries and resistance.

stance. The corsairs, for we soon discovered them for such, took us to a boat which was concealed behind the rocks, and instantly made the best of their way to the vessel, which lay at anchor about half a league off shore. You may form an idea of our alarm on finding ourselves in the power of those barbarians, whose eyes expressed no passion but brutality. Arrived at the ship, we were presented to the chief; we threw ourselves at his feet, but such villains are incapable of pity. The corsair replied to our entreaties by a malignant smile, whose expression we fully understood, notwithstanding we experienced better treatment than we had at first expected; they put us into a decent cabin, and attended us with distinguished politeness: all conversation

tion with us was forbidden the crew, the chief alone coming from time to time to see us: we perfectly understood by his gestures and the disgusting joy he expressed in his visits, that he looked upon us as advantageous merchandize. This thought redoubled our affliction, we suffered the most dreadful emotions when we considered ourselves as destined to serve to the disgusting pleasure of some chief of these miscreants; we no less dreaded being separated from each other, the bare idea of which made us tremble. At length we arrived at Tunis; the captain covered us with long veils and conducted us to the Bazar or slave market, where we were exposed for sale. We had hardly been there an hour when Muley arrived, and after viewing several

veral came towards us. The sight of Hortensia appeared to make the utmost impression on him, he considered her some time with attention, and then went to the merchant, with whom having concluded the bargain he called two eunuchs whom he ordered to convey her to his seraglio. When we found we were to be separated we threw ourselves into each others arms, and wept with the greatest bitterness. The barbarians were going to tear Hortensia from me when she threw herself at Muley's feet; conjuring him not to separate her from a companion she so tenderly loved. Muley appeared some time irresolute, at length replied in Italian that he was too much pleased with her to deny her any thing; and immediately bought me. This com-

tenfia to yield to his desires, who on her part experienced the utmost uneasiness lest he should use violence to satisfy them; when the letter she received from Zulem gave her a ray of hope that she might escape him. You are informed of the rest Lanfon,' added Rosette, 'and may easily judge the obligation Hortensia owes yourself as well as Zulem by the greatness of the danger from which you delivered us. I have no doubt but love as much as gratitude influences her heart in favour of her deliverer, and am also certain that the Marquis d'Orfino, when informed of the service Zulem has rendered his sister, will not hesitate to unite them."

CHAP. VI.

An alarm.—Arrival at Naples.

ROSETTE had hardly concluded her recital when we heard a great noise. I instantly went upon deck, where I found the whole crew assembled: a sailor had discovered two ships which we found gained quick upon us. Our companions imagined them Moorish vessels that were in pursuit of us, and gave way to the most lamentable despair, bewailing their misfortune and already representing their slavery as more dreadful than before. Zulem and myself endeavoured to calm their fears and restore their courage, and though we could not as yet distinguish what vessels they were, prepared for a vigorous

ous defence in case of an attack. The men encouraged by our example appeared willing to second us; all swearing to perish rather than yield.

The vessels continued to gain upon us, and soon came within gun shot, when our fears were suddenly turned to joy on discovering them for two Maltese galleys. As they perceived our ship was a corsair they prepared to attack us, and one had already shot a head of us in order to gain the wind, and cut off our flight; thus placing us between two fires. I immediately ordered the Moorish flag to be lowered and hoisted a white one; at this the galley approached us, though with great precaution fearing it might be some stratagem, for pirates seldom surrender

so easily. While this was passing we put out the boat into which I entered with some of our men, and went on board the largest of the galleys: the captain who was on deck was not a little surprized instead of Moors to see men men dressed as slaves; but his astonishment ceased when I informed him of our seizing the vessel. He praised our courage and presented us with refreshments; after which I informed him that we owed our deliverance to Zulem, relating the reasons that had determined that young man to leave his country. On hearing me mention Hortensia he gave an exclamation of joy. "What," said he, "is it possible it should be Hortensia the sister of the Marquis d'Orfino! what pleasure will he experience on the recovery of one so beloved,

loved, and whom he thought lost for ever. The Maltese captain then informed me that Hortensia was his relation, that he was at Naples at the time of her being seized, and that the Count expressed the utmost sorrow for the loss of his amiable sister, who was universally beloved.—“But the wife of Antonio,” added he, “do you know any thing of her, for doubtless she has been separated from Hortensia.”—“Not an instant,” replied I, “she is in our vessel with her companion.”—“What unlooked for happiness,” exclaimed the captain; “how delighted will the good Antonio be to recover a wife he so tenderly loved! but I am impatient to see my cousin and her brave deliverer; permit me to accompany you immediately.”

The captain returned with me in the boat to our vessel. Zulem and Hortensia were on the deck; the young Italian no sooner discovered the captain than she ran to meet him. "Is it really you Felix," said she, "how happy am I in this unexpected meeting?" Felix testified to Hortensia his joy at her deliverance, and turning towards Zulem said, "permit me to embrace the person to whom my relation owes her liberty, what joy will you confer on a family that has so long been plunged in sorrow, never can our gratitude sufficiently repay the obligation."—Zulem answered the civilities of the captain with a graceful ease peculiar to him.

Felix had sent to inform the captain of the other galley of what was passing,

sing, who also soon came on board our vessel, congratulating us on our success in the most friendly manner. On mutual consultation we agreed to put the Moorish crew on board the Maltese vessels, as they could more easily secure them. We therefore proceeded immediately to this business, causing a guard of Maltese soldiers to come on board our ships, who transported the prisoners under proper precautions from the corsair to the other vessels. While this was transacting, an accident had nearly happened which would have plunged us all in sorrow. Zulem, Felix, and myself were on deck giving orders relative to the prisoners which were bringing from the hold. One of the pirates, whom I knew for a principal officer, suddenly disengage himself from

his conductors, and flying at Zulem struck him with his chain, reproaching him, and uttering the most fearful execrations, accusing him as the author of his misfortunes. Zulem to whom this blow was unexpected, had doubtless fallen a sacrifice had he not snatched back his head, by which means the blow fell on his shoulder, and that with such violence that it threw him on the ground: the Moor was on the point of renewing his attack, had I not prevented him by plunging my poignard in his bosom. Hortensia, who was present at this scene, seeing her lover fall, fainted by his side. While Rosette and Felix ran to assist her I raised Zulem, who was rather stunned from the shock, having received a violent contusion on the shoulder: regardless

less of himself he flew to Hortensia, who recovering by the use of the spirituous drops Rosette had plentifully applied to her, no sooner discovered her lover in safety than she presently lost her alarm, and assumed her usual cheerfulness.

The removal of the prisoners was no sooner effected than we repaired on board of Felix's galley, leaving our own men, and some of the Maltese sailors on board the corsair, and immediately sailing for Italy. As the wind was favourable our voyage was extremely fortunate, for on the fourth day we reached the port of Naples. On the appearance of a Moorish vessel, crowds of people assembled on the shore, taking it for a prize gained by

the Maltese vessels. We had no sooner cast anchor than Felix sent to entreat the Marquis d'Orfino and Antonio to repair on board, though without informing them of the reason, wishing to surprize them agreeably. About an hour after this message they arrived; melancholy was strongly imprinted on both their features, Antonio particularly seemed exceedingly sorrowful.

We had entreated the ladies to remain concealed until we gave a signal for them to appear. The Marquis warmly embraced his cousin Felix, after which the latter said, "rejoice, my dear sir, I have good news to tell you."—"Have you been fortunate enough to hear any thing of my sister?" replied he, "if so I conjure you not to leave me

me a moment in suspense: Antonio was equally anxious to hear of his wife.—“Yes,” answered Felix, “I know where Hortensia and Rosette are at this moment.”—“Where are they then?” exclaimed they both at once; “In a place of safety,” added the captain, “but moderate a transport that may otherways be fatal to you.”

Hortensia and Rosette, who heard every word of this dialogue, could no longer resist the inclination they had to see, the one an affectionate brother, the other a beloved husband; but rushing from their concealment they clasped them in their arms exclaiming, “Behold us here!”

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I must possess the warm and energetic pen of the celebrated inhabitant of Geneva, or the keen and magic powers of the immortal owner of Ferney, to describe the joy and repeated transports of this meeting. At first they were mute, yet was the scene no less interesting on that account, they embraced, pressed each other in their arms, in vain endeavouring to express their feelings.—When the first rapture was passed, Hortensia presented Zulem and myself to her brother, as her deliverers: the Marquis embraced us testifying the obligation he owed us for restoring a sister he so tenderly loved. The gratitude of Antonio was no less lively, and when Rosette had informed her husband and the Marquis of the share I had in her history their attentions

tions redoubled. This place was not favourable to long conversations, and we quitted the galley and repaired to the Marquis's hotel, where the news of Hortensia's return was already spread. A servant, who had accompanied him on board the vessel, had hastened before with the news, and the domestics were already assembled in the court, testifying by every possible demonstration of joy, the pleasure they experienced at the return of their master's sister. This scene augmented the good opinion I had formed of Hortensia, and confirmed my idea that Zulem could not fail of happiness with so amiable a person.

The Marchioness came out to meet us, and no sooner saw Hortensia than
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she fell on her neck, testifying the utmost pleasure on her safe return: Hortensia's transport appeared equal to her sister in law's, and plainly demonstrated the mutual attachment of these amiable women. The Marquis insisted that Zulem and myself should lodge in his hotel. Antonio, on leaving us to return home, pressed my hand, and again repeated his thanks for the restoration of a wife he adored, entreated me to grant him my friendship which I firmly promised.

The news of Hortensia's return was soon spread over the city, and for eight days we had a continual round of visitors; every one was curious to see the turk who had abandoned his country for her sake, even the king sent to con-

congratulate the Marquis on this happy event. During this time the Marquis kept open house, and gave also an entertainment to the most distinguished families at Naples. Zulem accustomed to the solitude of a seraglio, at first found this life of bustle irksome, all our customs and manners were uncommon to him, and caused an embarrassment that augmented his natural timidity. We frequently left the company and retired into the garden or our apartment, where we conversed freely. Zulem testified uneasiness, fearing that Hortensia should not feel for him the same sentiments she had done at Tunis, where she had perhaps mistaken gratitude for love, and would think it too great a sacrifice to repay the obligation by

by uniting herself to a stranger who possessed no rank in her country.

I endeavoured to dispel his fears, adding that I had no doubt but the king would particularly notice the deliverer of Hortensia, and raise him to some important employment. "You have," continued I, "brought sufficient riches to place you on an equality with your intended spouse." My persuasions could not, however, entirely re-assure him.

The day after our arrival, Zulem had asked for a minister of our religion to instruct him in the profession he wished to embrace. I have before said that this young man possessed a strong understanding and great penetration; it was

was not love alone that made him a profelyte to christianity; our conversations at Tunis had augmented the inclination his mother had given him for our religion, and mature reflection had confirmed his resolution. Thus the change of Zulem was perfectly justifiable.

If love entered for any thing in his desire to embrace the catholic faith; fresh reflection and the assistance of the holy minister who instructed him, soon rectified his ideas, and supplied what was wanting to render his vocation perfect. When Zulem had acquired that conviction without which a christian is nothing more than a name, he resolved to seal his conversion by that sacrament

sacrament which regenerates man and washes him from original sin.

The ceremony took place with the utmost pomp; all Naples was witness to its splendor, for the ministers of our religion had neglected nothing to render it striking, and to penetrate the proselyte with the holiness of the profession he had embraced. The King and the Marchioness d'Orfino were the sponsors to the nephew of Muley, who received baptism with a piety that edified the whole assembly. For Hortensia it was easy to discover by her eyes the pleasure she experienced on seeing her lover embrace the religion she professed; thus removing the barrier that opposed their union. The ceremony concluded, the assembly returned

turned to the King's palace, where there was an entertainment provided which was followed by a ball. The King conversed for some time with Zulem, and as that tender friend always kept me near him, his majesty asked who I was: Zulem having informed him, he deigned to speak to me in the most obliging manner.

The next day, the Marquis came to Zulem's apartment.—“My dear Zulem,” said he, “at present that you are admitted to the bosom of our religion, and among the number of the King's subjects, nothing longer prevents my testifying my gratitude; you have saved the honour of my sister, restored her to her country and friends; the only means I know of requiting such an obligation

gation is to return her to you, for I can make no gift equivalent to her worth. Hortensia is yours, the love you have for her, her tenderness for you, are to me an assurance that I cannot do better than unite you to each other."

The joy this discourse caused Zulem, was so extreme, that he was some moments unable to reply; at length, however, he stammered out his thanks, the Marquis interrupted them by embracing him, assuring him that the marriage he proposed would give himself the highest satisfaction, as the happiness of his sister was as dear as his own, nor could he ascertain it by any surer means than uniting her to a man who had so many claims on her heart. He then

then conducted Zulem to his sister's apartment. "My dear Hortensia," said he, as he entered, "permit me to introduce your future husband. You, doubtless, have too much esteem for your brother;" continued he, laughing, "to refuse one from my hand."—A deep blush covered the face of the fair Neapolitan: Zulem threw himself at her feet. "Madam," said he, "may I hope that you will confirm with your own lips a gift which is to me inestimable?"—"Zulem," replied Hortensia, "you have so many claims on my esteem, that I must be very ungrateful if your generosity had not reached my heart, and your good qualities and affection had not inclined me to an equal return: be assured that the offer of my brother is as agreeable to me as yourself,

yourself, and that in accepting you for a husband I am less actuated by duty, than by a more tender inclination." Zulem transported with joy, seized the hand of Hortensia, which he kissed with rapture, swearing the most inviolable affection.

This scene of which I was witness, renewed in my heart those impressions that time could not destroy. "'Tis thus," said I, sighing, "that I declared to Adelaide the affection with which she had inspired me, 'tis thus she received the tender confession: my happiness then equalled Zulem's, but alas how different at present is my fate, he is on the point of being united to the woman he loves, and I have lost for ever one that was dearer than my life."

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—This reflection overwhelmed me with such an acute emotion of grief, that I was obliged to retire that I might not disturb the pleasure of the happy party.

CHAP. VII.

A voyage.—An unexpected meeting and a combat.

TWO days after the last mentioned conversation, Zulem was united to Hortensia, and from the most sincere of lovers became the happiest of husbands. The marriage was celebrated with no less pomp than the baptism, and was followed by entertainments which continued for eight days.

Notwithstanding this continual round of pleasure, I frequently thought of my benefactor and friend, Lord Warneck. Under the painful uncertainty I experienced for his fate; I resolved to go immediately in search of him and not to cease my perquisition until I had found him. I imparted my project to Zulem, who was greatly afflicted. Love, and his new engagement had not in the least diminished his attachment to me. "What, Lanfon," said he, embracing me, "will you quit me, you who are my first friend, and whose society is so essential to my happiness; must you already leave me among those I am hardly acquainted with, and whose customs and manners I have yet to learn?—Far be it from me to endeavour to persuade you against fulfilling the
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the duties of friendship and gratitude; but as yet I need your councils, grant me then one month my friend, after which I promise no longer to detain you."

The instances of Zulem were pressing, and I was so truly attached to that deserving young man that I readily promised to oblige him. Zulem had been accustomed to the quiet and inactive life which is usual to those born under a burning zone, and for whom tranquillity is the greatest of enjoyments. He loved retreat both from nature and education, and was never so happy as when only accompanied by his spouse, the Marquis, Marchioness, Antonio, Rosette and myself, and giving way to the pleasures of

social conversation; a peaceful existence that was equally agreeable to me. When our lives have been crossed by a number of vexatious events, which have kept the mind in perpetual agitation, we know how to value the pleasures of peaceful enjoyments. The resorts of the soul, from continually experiencing the shocks of passion and misfortune, become insensibly weakened, and a time for relaxation is necessary to recover its activity, and enable it to bear the fresh attacks of fortune. This was the situation in which I found myself, the pleasing inaction in which my days were passed at Naples, was one of those periods, which, if not the most happy, was at least among the most agreeable of my life.

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When the time Zulem had asked me to stay was expired, I prepared to leave Naples, seizing the opportunity of a vessel which was to sail in a few days for Cadiz; promising myself that it would be more easy to procure information there respecting Lord Warneck, than in any other town in Spain. The evening before my departure Zulem came to my apartment. "My dear Lanfon," said he, "I come to enjoy the pleasure of thy company perhaps for the last time; I cannot express how much thy departure grieves me, I know not how I could support it did I not flatter myself with thy speedy return:—promise me therefore, my friend, that as soon as thou hast found thy benefactor to bring him with thee to Italy; tell him how well thou art beloved, in-

form him of my obligations to thee, and from thence, judging of my heart by his own, he will restore thee to thy friend, and also by his own presence augment the number of those so dear to me.

I made little difficulty in promising Zulem what was so agreeable to my own desires. At length, this worthy young man put a casket into my hand, saying, "Deign to receive this weak proof of my acknowledgement; I owe you more than life; you formed my mind and heart; but for you I had been destitute of that knowledge and information without which man is nothing. Believe me, my dear Lanfon, I have the greatest pleasure in presenting this, and you will cruelly wound my friendship
if

if you refuse it."—I thanked Zulem for this fresh proof of his attachment, and made no scruple to accept the casket, which I found contained two thousand ducats. 'Tis a false delicacy and the effect of vanity which leads us to refuse the gifts of a friend, and is a weakness only common to little souls. If we blush at receiving a favour, we ought also to blush in acknowledging the person who offers it; but real friendship ennobles all, and when that pure and sublime sentiment is in the soul, 'tis impossible we should suspect it can be guided by interest, or any such paltry consideration. The time at length arrived when I was to quit Naples, where I had passed three months in the greatest happiness; but, if on one side the voice of friendship detained

me, on the other the same voice ordered me imperiously to depart. Thus by a whimsical contrast the same sentiment gave me pleasure and pain, my heart being divided into equal parts between them, one of which flew to Lord Warneck, the other lingered with Zulem. When I took leave of my friends, the manner in which they expressed their sorrow for our separation, encreased my own: the Marquis and his lady made me several very rich presents; nor did I quit Rosette and her worthy husband without grief. Antonio joined his tears with hers, giving me at once a proof of his friendship and the sensibility of his heart. Zulem never left me until the vessel was ready to sail; our parting was truly melancholy, we held each other embraced for

for some moments unable to articulate an adieu, at length I tore myself from his arms, and assuming as much firmness as my sorrow would permit, bade him farewell.

The loss of so many beloved objects filled my heart with a thousand painful sentiments, which would not permit me to join in the usual diversions on ship board. I had remained several days in my cabin alone, when my affliction was disturbed by an event which might have had the most vexatious consequences, and have again plunged me into a miserable slavery that would have only ended with my life, had not heaven who designed me for sufferings of a different nature, turned aside the danger which threatened me. The vessel

on which I was on board was a king's ship of forty guns and two hundred and fifty men, and convoyed some merchantmen bound for Spain. We were within a day and a half sail of Cadiz, when we discovered two vessels that we immediately recognized for corsairs, and which having the wind soon reached us. The noise this unlucky adventure caused among our crew made me leave my cabin and go on deck, where I found the captain, who informed me of the subject of alarm, my eyes at the same moment confirming the disagreeable news. The sight of the corsair chilled me with horror, "Great God!" cried I, "hast thou delivered me from one slavery, but to suffer me to fall into a greater evil? If these pirates are from Tunis, and I fall into their hands, I am
inevita-

inevitably lost; I cannot fail being known, and Muley will revenge on me the loss of his nephew and mistress. The captain, however, prepared for a vigorous defence, I seconded his endeavours, resolved to perish sword in hand rather than yield. The crew which was composed of experienced sailors, entered into the preparations for defence with an alacrity that in some measure dispelled my fear; we laid by, and waited the enemy without giving them any reason to think we feared them. The captain giving a signal to the merchantmen to drop astern, and to seize the moment when they saw us engaged to escape, as he was resolved to hazard all to save them. I was of a different opinion, I wished these ships to second us with their guns, as either

of the corsairs were stronger than us, and I feared courage would not be sufficient to defend us from such superior force. The enemy, when within half a gun shot, began to fire upon us, which we answered by a brisk cannonade. The merchant vessels, in consequence of the order they had received, spread their sails and made the best of their way. The corsairs seeing their prey on the point of escaping, and confident of their own superiority, thought one of the vessels sufficient to overpower us, and accordingly the smallest sailed after the merchantmen. This manoeuvre saved us; having now but one ship to encounter, the sailors redoubled their efforts, and resolved to board them as speedily as possible, in order to hasten to the relief of the convoy. We had
not

not much trouble to succeed; our adversaries having the same intention, and were no sooner grappled, than the moors threw themselves in prodigious numbers on our deck. The battle was obstinate and bloody, our enemies fought like desperadoes, rushing on us with the fury of lions; as well as their number being superior to ours, the adroit use they made of their sabres gave them great advantage over our crew: the captain and myself fought at their head animating them by our words and example. Our men, however, began to give way, and we should infallibly have been conquered, if by chance the grappling irons had not broke loose at the very moment a fresh recruit of Moors were coming on board us, and the shock they received threw several into
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the sea. This fortunate event restored courage to our men; and while the corsairs were again endeavouring to grapple us we fell on those on board us, making a horrible carnage. Animated by this success, we ourselves threw our grappling irons on board their vessel, and the captain and myself, heading the most courageous, leaped on their deck, and attacked them with the greatest impetuosity. The enemy defended themselves with the utmost bravery; their chief particularly displayed amazing courage and skill. I advanced to attack him, but what was my astonishment on recognizing, Muley! the uncle of Zulem, who had once been my master: at the sight of me his features gained fresh animation, and advancing:—"Have I caught thee traitor?"

traitor?" exclaimed he, "thou that darest rob me of my nephew and my mistress, I will wash away with thy blood the outrage thou hast done me."

—Saying these words he struck at me with his scymitar and had doubtless cleft my head in two, had I not avoided the blow by hastily leaping aside. I should have been sorry to kill the uncle of Zulem, and endeavoured only to keep on the defensive. "Muley," cried I, "I am not the author of your nephew's flight; he voluntarily left his country for the sake of the young slave who accompanied him. I do not wish to take your life, surrender, your efforts are useless. The rage of Muley would not suffer him to pay attention to me, he only heard the last words. "Surrender," exclaimed he, in a transport
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of passion, and redoubling his attack, "darest thou think me capable of such a weakness? after having lost what was most dear to me, nothing remains but death or vengeance."

The sailors astonished at a dialogue whose purport they could not comprehend, had ceased their conflict and waited in silence the issue of this combat. The fury with which Muley attacked me would not suffer me to remain entirely on the defensive, and as his strength was a good deal exhausted by the efforts which my coolness and address had rendered fruitless; I had not much difficulty to find an opportunity to give him a blow with my sabre that stretched him at my feet. The Moors, discouraged by the defeat
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of their chief, made after this but a feeble resistance; a part fell beneath our swords, and the rest were made prisoners. As soon as we were completely masters of the enemies ship, we returned to our own vessel, leaving several of our men on board the prize, and crouded sail to the assistance of the merchantmen. As Muley gave signs of life, I had him carried to the cabin, promising our surgeon a considerable reward if he could save him.

After about an hour's sail we gained the other corsair, just as they had obliged the largest of the vessels to strike. A prodigious number of Turks were preparing to board her, but no sooner discovered us than they stopped, doubtless astonished, for they had no
fear

fear but their companion would easily overpower us. Notwithstanding our captain had devised a stratagem that had the happiest success; he had ordered the crew which he put on board the prize to dress themselves in the Turks cloaths that had been killed during the combat, and had also commanded the lieutenant that was left on board her to follow us as though giving chase. The corsair was in effect duped by this manoeuvre, and supposing his consort in pursuit of us, tacked to gained the wind, and cut off our flight; we suffered him to act, well assured we could soon make him repent it. We now slackened our sails to give the prize time to join us, which she speedily did, and rapidly passing us placed herself near the corsair, who doubt-

doubtless imagined that the consort was acting thus to support them; but great was their astonishment when our prize gave them a broadside, and hastily sailing before them cut off their retreat, and placed them between two fires. We now attacked them with the utmost intrepidity; the Moors, convinced of their error, fought to save themselves by flight. We, however, came upon them so briskly, that all their efforts would have been ineffectual had not a sudden and violent tempest arose which separated the vessels. The corsair seized this opportunity to escape; losing no time in pursuing her, we made the utmost dispatch to collect our scattered vessels; which, when completed, we continued our route, giving way to the
pleasure

pleasure which so singular a deliverance had inspired.

C H A P. VIII.

A conversion:—News of an old friend.

THE next day we safely entered the port of Cadiz: my first care was to cause Muley to be conveyed to the hotel where I lodged. I found no difficulty in persuading the captain to this step, when I had informed him that this chief of the corsairs was uncle to Zulem. Muley's wound was not mortal; in a short time the skill of the surgeon put him out of danger. I visited him several times a day, ever declaring to him the pleasure his recovery would

would give me, but the intractable Moor would not hear me, ever replying to my protestations by reproaches and abuse. I was not, however, repulsed, redoubling my attentions and endeavours to soften him, and at length so far succeeded that Muley became more sociable and listened to my consolations.—“Lanson,” said he, one day, “thy generosity has touched my heart, and notwithstanding the hatred with which thou hast inspired me, I cannot avoid esteeming and acknowledging thy virtues; I wished to take thy life, yet thou hast behaved nobly to me in return; believe me, I admire thy conduct but cannot imitate it.”—“Muley,” replied I, “I have done no more than any other christian would in my place; our religion commands a
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forgiveness of injuries, but I have not even that merit with thee. The uncle of Zulem can only inspire me with respect and esteem.—At the name of Zulem, Muley heaved a profound sigh.—“Tell me,” said he, “what is become of my guilty, but too much beloved nephew? notwithstanding the ingratitude with which he had repaid my affection, I cannot help being interested in his fate; he has doubtless embraced thy religion and married Hortensia. Say is he happy? has he completed his crime.” ‘Zulem,’ replied I, ‘is not criminal; you know his mother was a christian; she inspired him from his earliest infancy with an inclination for our holy faith, I was fortunate enough to strengthen this disposition, and reflection has done the remainder.

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mainder. Zulem was a christian in his heart, and not led to embrace it by reasons which you may surmise, and in quitting his country did no more than use the privilege which every man has over himself. Neither was your nephew guilty in restoring Hortensia to her friends and country; by what right do men seize on their fellows and deprive them of liberty, does not nature itself revolt at such tyranny? besides Hortensia could not love you, her heart was united to Zulem's from the first moment they met; thus all concured to justify your nephew, strong were his struggles and severe his grief before he could resolve to leave an uncle he so tenderly loved; but was it possible to resist the united claims of love and heaven."

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I observed that my discourse made a lively impression on Muley, and from that moment conceived the design not only to reconcile him to his nephew but also to convert him. I related to him the mutual affection of Zulem and Hortensia, the manner of our flight, and how we overpowered the crew; I next described the baptism of his nephew, the marriage of the lovers and the happiness they enjoyed, a happiness which would be complete,' continued I, 'if Zulem did not deeply regret the presence of an uncle so dear to him.'—Muley was moved, tears flowed down his cheeks. 'Since you are so attached to your nephew,' added I, 'what prevents you imitating him, and spending the remainder of your days with one who will watch over
your

your age with the tenderness of a son, and by his attentive cares diminish its weight. Your sentiment for Hortensia will soon give place to friendship and esteem; she will be delighted to oblige the uncle of her beloved husband, and will endeavour to make you forget the sorrow she involuntarily caused you."

"What Lanfon," interrupted Muley, "would'st thou persuade me to abjure the religion of my fathers, and renounce a country so dear to me? love might operate such a prodigy on Zullem, but do'st thou think that an old man so easily changes his opinion and manner of life; such an alteration could only be the effect of lightness and folly? besides I am little acquainted with the faith that it is necessary to adopt in order to unite me with my nephew."

—"That difficulty is easily removed," replied I, "only suffer me to instruct you in the tenets of the christian faith, if you are not convinced of its excellence in eight days, I will be the first to dissuade you from embracing it; for according to my opinion it is better to remain in that you profess, or even to have none at all, than to assume the appearance of one whose purity you are not convinced of."

Muley was a man of understanding, and more enlightened than Turks usually are: he possessed none of that fanatical enthusiasm which distinguishes the followers of Mahomet, I therefore had the less trouble to engage him to accept my proposal. On the next day I began my instructions, introducing a
Spanish

Spanish priest to assist me, as he was more able to resolve the doubts of the proselyte and refute his objections. The conversion of Muley was not so easy as that of Zulem; but a religion that commands virtue, the pardon of injuries, and whose morals are pure and just, cannot fail to please a soul naturally upright. Muley's soul was truly so, his vices were the effect of the education he had received, and imbibed from the nation among whom he was born. His eyes were soon opened, and his conviction complete; in robbing Mahomet of one of his followers, I had also the double advantage of gaining myself a new friend, and repaying in some measure the obligations I owed Zulem.

Muley's conversion had not so totally employed me as to make me neglect my enquiries after Lord Warneck. On my arrival at Cadiz, I made the most exact perquisitions whether he had been seen in that city, as he doubtless would have repaired thither had his deliverance been effected, but all my enquiries were fruitless, I could not gain the least information. I now only waited an occasion to go to Algiers, when an English vessel from thence arrived in the port: thinking I might gain some information from the captain, I repaired on board. I had reason to be satisfied with this step, as the captain informed me that Lord Warneck had been ransomed by the English consul immediately on his arrival in that city, and had sailed some few days

days after in a British vessel? "But, sir," added he, "are not you the gentleman who accompanied him, and who was captured with him in passing from Spain to Italy?" "I am, indeed, the person," replied I.—"The captain then informed me that he had been for some days in the consul's house with my patron, that my lord had frequently spoke of me, declaring the affliction our separation caused him, and that at his departure he had expressly desired the consul to seize the first opportunity to deliver me from slavery, also leaving a letter with him to remit to me as soon as I should be free. "I left Algiers a few days after Lord Warneck," continued the captain, "and am happy that the consul

has so happily succeeded in his commission."—

I greatly surprized Mr. Wilson, which was the captain's name, when I informed him that I had been above a year in slavery without any attempt being made to ransom me. I then related to him all that had happened during my stay at Tunis, and my escape with Zulem and the fair Italian. My recital greatly amused him, and after congratulating me on my good fortune, he said, "As your object, sir, is to seek Lord Warneck, who is surely at this moment in London, can you do better than repair thither in my vessel? I know my lord's impatience to see you".—I accepted the captain's offer with the utmost pleasure.

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I related to Muley the success I had met with; he expressed the utmost regret at our separation.—“Lanfon,” said he, “notwithstanding the prejudices which Europeans entertain against us, believe me the soul of a Turk is as susceptible of gratitude as that of a christian. I am sensible of the proofs of kindness thou hast given me, and did not the hope of soon seeing my nephew console me, should be deeply afflicted at thy departure. Since thou art to sail in a few days, and there is nothing to detain me here, endeavour to procure me the means to repair to Naples as speedily as possible.”—I replied to Muley that such was my intention, and the captain who brought me from thence being to return in a week; I agreed with him to take charge of

Muley, and to treat him with the utmost attention.

At the same time I fulfilled a commission which Muley had entreated; among the prisoners made in the corsair vessel was a young eunuch whom he was particularly attached to; he had desired me to ransom him, but the captain refused to receive any, saying, he should think himself highly ungrateful if he did not shew me every mark of gratitude in his power, as it was in some measure owing to my activity and courage in seconding his endeavours, that he had taken the corsair. "Neither," added he, "shall I fail to inform the King my master of your conduct on that occasion." He then sent to fetch the young Moor, who was
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confined in the town prison; he was an agreeable young man, and was no sooner informed of my intention of restoring him to his master than he threw himself at my feet, testifying his gratitude by repeated thanks and tears. Muley, on my presenting his favourite slave, threw himself on his neck and embraced him. Misfortune is frequently useful, since it places mankind on that happy equality which riches and dignity so often cause to disappear: the rude shock of adversity recalling to their souls that precious sensibility which prosperity and passion frequently stifle. The beginning of misfortune is often the epocha of the restoration of virtue.

I resolved to defer the baptism of Muley until he arrived at Naples; for as well as that ceremony being performed with more solemnity there than at Cadiz, I also wished Zulem to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing it. The evening before my departure I delivered a letter to Muley for his nephew, in which I informed him of all that had happened since my leaving Naples, with the happy conversion of his uncle. I took care to procure for my old master every thing necessary for the voyage, and the old gentleman being now determined to relinquish his country, devised a means to obtain a part of the wealth which he had left at Tunis. He wrote to his agent to collect as much money as possible and send it by the first convenient means, informing

informing him that it was destined to purchase his own freedom, that of the other prisoners, and to ransom the vessel.

As Muley was to depart before this money could possibly arrive, I gave his order to receive it to a merchant at Cadiz, who promised to remit it as soon as it came to hand. When these affairs were all settled I repaired to the ship, which was to sail early the next morning; it was not without sorrow that I parted from Muley, the good old man embraced me, shedding tears: "Adieu, my friend Lanfon," said he, "the obligations I have to you will never be effaced from my memory; your instructions have opened my eyes, and given me a second existence: you

first conducted my nephew to happiness and then myself."

When I went on board, captain Wilson informed me that he had just heard that the English consul at Algiers had been dead near a year.—“As I am but lately returned,” continued he, “from a long voyage to the Levant, it is not surprising that I was not informed of it before.”—The reason was now obvious why I had not sooner been redeemed from slavery; the death of the consul was sudden, he had not had time to employ any person to fulfil my lord’s commission, the letter which was directed to me remaining among his papers.

CHAP. IX.

Arrival in London.—A trait of English freedom.

AFTER a sail of eight days, which was interrupted by none of these accidents common at sea, we arrived at Plymouth; we no sooner landed than the captain and myself, repaired with the utmost diligence to London, Mr. Wilton to announce his success to the minister, and me with impatience to see my benefactor; but my surprize was equal to my sorrow and disappointment, on enquiring at his house to find he had set out three months before for the East-Indies. The porter gave me a letter which Lord Warneck had left
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in case of my arrival: in this he informed me of his deliverance in much the same terms I had heard it from Wilson, he also added that having been informed of the death of the consul of Algiers, whom he had employed to ransom me, he had written to his successor for the same purpose, and waited with impatience for the success of this new effort.—He concluded by informing me that he had just been appointed by the court to govern the English possessions in India; that his honour and other reasons would not permit him to refuse so important an employ, and he was necessitated to leave England with the utmost uneasiness on my account. Lord Warneck added the most tender assurances of his friendship, pressing me warmly to come to him in India, where

where he assured me he had no doubt of placing me in a situation to make my fortune.

The affectionate solicitude of Lord Warneck, and the pains he had taken to redeem me from slavery, added to the fresh proof of friendship he gave me, and in short the desire I had to see a benefactor to whom I was too truly attached, determined me to undertake the voyage he proposed. I communicated my intention to Wilton, who answered, "Your project gives me the more pleasure as I myself hope to obtain in a few days a commission for India, you shall sail with me, the pleasure I experienced in your company in our former voyage makes me ardently

dently wish to enjoy it in so long a peregrination.

During the time Mr. Wilson was endeavouring to obtain the situation he wished, I employed myself in examining this rival nation, but whose manners and customs are so different from the French: I had taken care on my arrival to dress myself in the English taste, as I had frequently heard to what insults men are exposed in this city, when their appearance indicates them for strangers. My precaution was however useless, my dress did not prevent me experiencing a very disagreeable adventure, but which I fortunately cleared myself of, thanks to the strength with which nature has gifted me. I usually walked every morning through
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the streets of London to make my observations, for 'tis from the multitude that you must form a judgement of national character, it there preserves its native colouring, while among the great it receives different shades of politeness, which the culture of understanding and communication with other nations bestow. I was dressed in the English taste: a plain coat with metal buttons, a round hat; in short nothing was wanting, but it is more easy to assume the dress of a nation than their manner, air, or behaviour. Every people have a peculiar cast of features as well as manners, and which proceed from the climate they inhabit, the way of life they adopt, and from the modification which their physical and moral existence have experienced,

and

and that is ever as indelible a means to distinguish them from other nations as their customs and government.

One morning as I was crossing Covent-garden, a porter whom I happened to meet, stopped short to look at me: the English have a peculiar knack of distinguishing the French.—They may almost be said to smell out a Frenchman as a dog does a piece of game, and that they possess a natural antipathy which warns them of their approach; in short this instinct having informed the porter I was a Frenchman, he began abusing me in the grossest manner, running his fist in my face and defying me to box with him. I was for some minutes uncertain how I should receive this compliment. The
porter

porter was a squat muscular fellow, whom I shrewdly suspected would be too strong for me; besides I was not accustomed to these wrestlings in which skill is as necessary as strength. Notwithstanding, irritated at his insult, which he continued in such a manner as to prevent my pursuing my way, I replied to his bravado, placed myself on the defensive, and waited his attack with firmness. A croud assembled round us to witness the combat, every one giving their opinion that it was impossible I could resist him. However calling forth my utmost strength, I began to return his assault, but the porter accustomed to this species of battle parried my blows, while nearly all his took place. I had already received a good number, one of which
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falling on my nose blood gushed abundantly from it. Furious to find all my efforts fruitless against this impudent challenger, I determined to employ other means, and recollecting the manner I had adopted with the Moorish soldier on a very similar occasion; I rushed on the porter, and seizing him by the throat threw him, and began amply repaying the blows he had bestowed on me.

I was then ignorant that the pugilist laws forbid striking when the enemy is down. All the assistants irritated at this violation of the general rule, and perhaps incensed at the ascendancy I had gained over their countryman, began to exclaim against me, several even struck me and I should inevitably have
been

been torn to pieces, had not, by the most fortunate accident, Captain Wilson, who happened to be passing with two of his friends, stopped to enquire the cause of this uproar. On seeing me in the power of the mob, he threw himself among them, but could not without difficulty and the assistance of his friends, rescue me from their hands. He instantly called a hackney coach in which he conducted me to my lodging; I was in the most pitiable state, my body being so bruised that I could hardly stand. Wilson expressed the utmost sorrow at this accident, the occasion of which I related to him, exclaiming against the vulgarity of the English mob, and the unworthy behaviour of the spectators of the battle. The captain then informed me what
had

had caused their indignation against me.—“What,” exclaimed I, in a transport of rage, “do Englishmen add injustice to brutality; is a stranger obliged to know all their customs? besides when a man is attacked has he not a right to employ all the means in his power to conquer his aggressor? treachery alone merits indignation, but in a wrestle where strength must decide, a man has surely a right to employ every resource which his force will afford.”—“I am far from approving the behaviour you have experienced,” replied Wilson, “I perfectly well know the English populace, nor are strangers the only people who suffer from their licence; but you know there are abuses every where, and that those abuses are frequently a necessary evil from whence

arises a general good. The liberty which you remark in our lower class of people, arises from a praise-worthy principle, the love of freedom, and a spirit of independence which animates them: it maintains the national energy, and would be dangerous to repress it. While the people of England possess this spirit they will never submit to bear the yoke of despotism.

This method of supporting the national spirit by half killing a man at fifty-cuffs, appeared to me not only contrary to justice, but even contrary to that spirit of independence so necessary to maintain. I, however, did not communicate my reflections to the captain; for as well as the service he had just rendered me demanding that forbearance,

bearance, I well knew the impropriety of finding fault with the customs of the nation with whom we dwell. Wilson was an Englishman, and possessed the prejudices of his country; and though I should have succeeded in convincing him he would never have acknowledged it.

When I was somewhat tranquilized, Wilson informed me that he had succeeded in obtaining the command of a vessel of the line, which with two frigates was to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to Madras. This agreeable news did not a little contribute towards consoling me for the disagreeable adventure I had just experienced; I promised to be ready at the appointed time, and as I wanted rest, Wilson

soon

soon after left me. The next day he paid me a visit, accompanied by the two gentlemen who had assisted him in rescuing me from the hands of the mob, informing me that one of these was to accompany us in quality of first lieutenant of the ship which himself commanded. I entreated this young man to favour me with his company sometimes before our departure; to which he replied that he should be particularly happy to form an acquaintance with me. Mr. Philips, which was his name, possessed one of those happy physiognomies that must please in whatever situation or circumstances you meet them; his feeling and candid disposition sparkled in his eyes, and I found myself strongly pre-possessed in his favour the first moment we met:

there appeared an analogy between our dispositions, an opinion which his discourse confirmed. I experienced the highest satisfaction in meeting with a companion whose conversation and manners gave me so much pleasure, and to whom I could unbosom myself without reserve. Though I was particularly intimate with Wilson, and had every reason to be satisfied with him, yet our dispositions were widely different, he was cold and serious, with a peculiar reserve in his manner, that prevented my opening my heart to him: it was impossible to fathom his disposition beyond a certain point, and it was far easier to discover what he wished to be, than what he really was.

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I was near eight days in recovering the effects of English energy. When my strength was entirely re-established, I continued my excursions about London, but under proper precautions, being always accompanied by Philips. This young man visited me daily, and in a short time the strictest intimacy took place between us. When men have similar dispositions and their minds are congenial, their souls easily step over the barrier which difference of customs and religion has placed between them, the sacred flame of friendship soon purifying and dispersing that odious enmity which prejudice and opinion had alone formed. Philips and myself experienced this truth, once become friends we forgot the distinction of French and English; we were men,

that is to say brothers.—In our walks we sometimes visited those taverns where English liberty takes a yet higher flight than in the streets of the metropolis; here we were witnesses of scenes, which, while they amused, confirmed me in the idea that the licence which originates from liberty is the enemy of its mother, and like an unnatural child stifles the parent that gave it birth.

One day when we had been taking a ride in the environs of London, a gentleman on horseback, followed by a groom, met us. The person of the stranger instantly struck me, and my appearance seemed to have the same effect on him. By an emotion as sudden as involuntary we stopped our horses, and, after considering each other
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for some moments, we jointly exclaimed, " 'Tis Lanfon! 'Tis Placid!" —with the rapidity of lightning we leaped from our horses and rushed into each other's arms, weeping from excess of pleasure. I should in vain attempt to paint the joy we experienced at this unexpected meeting; nor can it be properly imagined except by those feeling souls who are acquainted with the worth of real friendship.

After the first transports of our pleasing rencontre was over, " Behold!" said I, to Philips, " the companion of my infancy and the friend of my youth: those titles will to you sufficiently explain how dear he is to my heart." Philips now advanced towards Placid, whom he saluted with an air of free-

dom and acquaintance that surprized me, and caused me to ask the lieutenant if he had before known my friend. "I have frequently had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Harrison at Lady Wharton's;"—replied he. My astonishment redoubled, I looked at Philips and Placid, without being able to conceive how my countryman had acquired an English name. "My dear Lanfon," said the latter, "I see you are surprized, I must therefore inform you that by a most happy event I have discovered the author of my being, and that your old friend Placid is the son of Sir William Harrison."—I congratulated my friend in the warmest terms on the happy change in his fortune? "This event," said I, "has only realized my conjectures; my heart always whispered you was

was of a noble family, the greatness of your soul, the elevation of your sentiments, all confirmed me in that idea."

—"You see me with the partiality of a friend," replied Placid, "believe me my dear Lanson, birth does not bestow the qualities your friendship represents me to possess: those are the gifts of nature, who as an impartial mother does not consult rank to bestow her favours, but scatters them blindly on all classes of society. The only advantage which birth procures is the power of developing these precious seeds; it would therefore be injurious to judge men by the rank which fate hath allotted them in society."

We returned to London discoursing on subjects which our happy meeting

gave rise too. Placid or rather Mr. Harrison, engaged us to accompany him home; where after some conversation, Philips left us under pretence of business. On his departure I testified afresh to Placid the pleasure I experienced in seeing him in so brilliant a situation. "Henry," replied he, "if riches and birth give a title to happiness I can certainly claim it, and I ought, doubtless, to enjoy with greater delight the change in my situation considering that which preceded it, but you know as well as myself that rank and fortune do not always bring happiness, it is necessary that the heart should be satisfied; the pangs of sensibility are frequently more poignant than the shocks of fortune, therefore my friend do not be astonished when
I in-

I inform you, that though I have found a tender father, and am placed in a state of affluence, something is yet wanting to my happiness."

"My dear Placid," replied I, with surprize, "what uneasiness can you experience? speak, open your heart to a friend who still loves you as tenderly as in those happy days, when our pains and pleasures were mutual."—"I shall have as much satisfaction to unbosom myself as then," replied he, "but in order to satisfy your curiosity entirely I will begin my recital from the time of our separation."——

C H A P. X.

Adventures of Mr. Harrison.

“YOU, doubtless, remember Henry, the letter that I wrote from Brest, and in which I informed you of my departure. The vessel to whose crew I was surgeon sailed three days after; it belonged to a large fleet that was bound to Canada, in order to land troops to act against the English. Our voyage was fortunate, about a hundred leagues off the coast of America we met the English fleet which appeared inclined to dispute our passage. Our admiral immediately prepared to engage: I had never yet witnessed those terrible scenes where men not satisfied with braving
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the caprices of a dangerous element, seek to destroy each other by sinking those floating fortresses, on which the avarice or hatred of their rulers has stationed them; though I was less exposed from my situation than the rest of the crew, yet I could not defend myself from an emotion of fear. On the signal from the admiral's vessel, these heavy machines moved with amazing agility, and by the most skilful manoeuvres soon ranged in order of battle. The engagement lasted for three hours without either party appearing to relinquish their ardour, but night at length obliged them to lay by; as it was expected that the engagement would be renewed on the next morning, we spent the intervening time in preparations, but at day break discovered

that the enemy had dispersed. The English had, doubtless, suffered most, and therefore had retired leaving the passage free. Satisfied with their departure we continued our way, and in about a week after arrived safely into the port of Quebec, where we landed our troops.

“ You doubtless know that this vast tract of America is inhabited by several savage nations, as the Algonquins, the Esquimaux, the Iroquois and the Hurons. The two last mentioned are the nearest neighbours to the English and French, and frequently take part in their wars. In that in which we were now engaged, the Iroquois a numerous, warlike, and bloody nation, had declared for the English, and the Hurons,

rons, their natural enemy, had taken part with us; the last mentioned are the most civilized of all the savage nations, they hold a considerable commerce with the French, for brandy and hardware, for which they exchange furs.

“ The Iroquois had for some time past made frequent irruptions upon our territories, had burned a number of habitations, and massacred the men, women, and children, this savage nation always signalizing itself by cruelty in war. The governor of Quebec resolved to revenge these atrocious acts by attacking the perpetrators in their own district, communicating his design to the chief of our Squadron. Three thousand men were accordingly put on board the transports with every necessary for
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the enterprize, which the admiral commanded in person. I was appointed among other surgeons to attend the troops; we first repaired to Fort Frontenac, which is situated near Lake Ontario, and that was constructed to keep the Iroquois in awe; here we were joined by a party of Hurons who had offered to assist us. After resting one day we re-embarked, and crossing the Lake Ontario soon reached the country of the Iroquois. We landed during the night without the least opposition, and at day break the troops began their march across the woods in order to surprize the inhabitants in their dwellings: myself and the other surgeons remained at some distance from the shore with a corps de reserve, that was destined

destined to facilitate a retreat in case our troops should find it necessary.

“Near the shore was a small wood which offered an agreeable shade. The weather was hot, considering the climate, and I persuaded two of my companions to accompany me into this pleasant recess: they willingly consented, being firmly persuaded that our troops would employ the savages, nor had we the least fear as our corps de reserve was at so small a distance. Seated in a delightful spot we were conversing on different subjects, when we were suddenly surrounded by about twenty Iroquois who had entered the wood by a private path. One of my companions immediately began to cry out for assistance, but a blow which he received

received on the head from a savage stretched him dead on the ground. Alarmed at this treatment, the other surgeon and myself fell at their feet, entreating their mercy. The Iroquois, who appeared the chief, regarded us with a scornful smile, and talked with his companions, four of whom immediately seized and bound us hand and foot, then taking us by the arms they fled with inconceivable swiftness to the banks of the Lake, which in this spot formed an elbow that concealed them from our vessels, which were anchored in a kind of bay. My companion and myself were thrown into a canoe that was fastened to the foot of a rock, and which the four Iroquois soon rowed off, coasting along shore on the opposite side

side to where our troops had disembarked.

“This event was as cruel as unforeseen, and so deeply afflicted me that I was for some time almost bereft of reason; recovered from which I sunk into the most melancholy state. After what I had heard of the ferocious character of the Iroquois, I had no doubt but my life would be forfeited, and the savages revenge on us the injury our troops had done them. The situation of my companion was as unhappy as my own, looking at each other without daring to speak. After having rowed for about an hour, the Iroquois landed, took us from the canoe, and dragged us to their habitations, which were situated about three leagues up the country. On our arrival

arrival a croud of the inhabitants assembled round us, screaming in the most dissonant manner; I remarked these were entirely women, children, and old men, which made me surmise that the Iroquois had by some means been aware of our attack, and the most vigorous assembled to make head against our troops.

“ I also suspected that the Iroquois which had surprized us, had been placed in the wood to reconnoitre and collect the strength of our corps de reserve, a supposition that was but too well founded as I afterwards learned. After being for some time the sport of these savages, they drove us through a hut into a kind of stable, where they threw us upon some straw. We remained

mained for two days in this prison; our bonds were very uneasy, and our only nourishment a few potatoes and water, which was served us once a day. As our hands were confined, we were necessitated to stoop to the vessel that contained our food and eat like beasts.

“There are situations which overwhelm the soul with a sentiment of grief, whose bitterness none but those who have experienced can form an idea of. My companion and self were in one of those unhappy predicaments, our present misery being augmented by the expectation of a yet more dreadful catastrophe; we had not even the comfort of mutually consoling each other, for when hope is entirely destroyed, and misfortune risen to the utmost height,

two unhappy sufferers are rather a pain than a consolation to each other; their souls deadened by the weight of their sorrows becoming incapable of those tender feelings which would otherways actuate them.

“ Such was my situation, my companion who was either weaker or more sensible of his misfortunes than myself, did not cease the most grievous complaints, bewailing the horrors of his fate. The third day of our imprisonment we heard a great noise, which I had no doubt was occasioned by the return of the warriors, whom I expected would not fail to sacrifice us immediately to their resentment. In effect some hours after six Iroquois entered our prison, seized, and conveyed
us

us into an enclosure where from four to five hundred warriors were assembled, forming a circle, in the midst of which was their chief. On our appearance the greatest silence reigned among them; our keepers placed us at the feet of the chief, who commanded us in bad English to prepare for death, for that we were sentenced to be burnt by a slow fire, which is the common treatment of the Iroquois to their prisoners. Surprized to hear this savage speak in a language which I passably understood, I formed the idea of engaging him to spare our lives; but far from being moved by my tears and supplications, he spurned me with his foot, regarding me with the utmost disdain and fury. ‘What,’ exclaimed he, ‘pusillanimous wretch, dost thou
fear

fear to die? my revenge shall be the more bitter; new torments shall be invented for thee, 'tis a sacrifice that I owe to my brethren who have fallen gloriously, grasping their weapons in death; 'tis a sacrifice I owe to my son, whom I tenderly love, and who draws near to the period of life.—Thy countrymen have given the wounds which will cause his death, and yet thou darest ask me to spare thee.'

"The last words of the Iroquoi struck me; a ray of hope beamed on my soul.

—'Thou art mistaken,' replied I, 'if thou think'st I fear death, when it comes I will receive it with calmness, but 'tis natural to every man to endeavour to preserve life, the Supreme Being who bestowed it, may take it at pleasure,

sure, but we are forbidden to destroy ourselves, and is it not equal to suicide to seek death and receive it with the transports common to thy countrymen? believe me, it is rather a rodomontade to sing in torment than real firmness: can'st thou imagine, that thy great Orontojo beholds with pleasure those sacrifices ye make of human victims; if he commands those massacres he is not a god.—On the contrary, the power I worship enjoins a forgiveness of injuries, and even at this moment, when thy vengeance is devising a cruel death for me, he inspires my heart with a lively interest for thy son: my business is to watch over the health of men, therefore, if thou can'st have that confidence in me, permit me to essay my art on this youth, perhaps his wounds
are

are not mortal, and a skilful hand is alone necessary to restore him to life and health.

“At these words the gloomy and savage features of the Iroquois chief assumed an air of uncommon softness. — ‘Is it true,’ said he, ‘that thou possessest that art so useful to mankind, and in which the Europeans so particularly excel.’ — ‘Thou need’st not hesitate to believe me,’ replied I, ‘I ever detested falsehood, and if there is yet hope remaining, engage to restore thy son; if I fail thy vengeance will be but deferred.’ — ‘Ah,’ interrupted the Iroquois, ‘if thou sav’st my son, depend not only on thy life but also on my warmest gratitude.’ — The chief then informed the assembly of the subject
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of the subject of our conversation, and the flattering hope I had given him. The Iroquois uttered a cry of joy and two among them immediately came and unbound me, I entreated the chief to command the same to be done by my companion, saying his assistance was necessary in my operations. The Iroquois granted my request, and my companion who was called La Roche, finding that they unbound him, thought he was going to be led to instant death, and began exclaiming in the most lamentable manner; I hastened to comfort him by an information of the conversation that had passed between myself and the chief. His joy was now nearly as extreme as his former sorrow, yet we were far from being out of danger. I was ignorant of the state of the

wounded person, whom if we did not succeed in restoring there was no doubt but that we should be remitted to our former fate; but all the degrees of expectation are nothing in comparison to the fearful distance which is between the faintest ray of hope, and the total deprivation of that sentiment.

CH A P. XI.

*Continuation of the Adventures of Mr.
Harrison.*

“WE were now introduced to the wounded person who was extended on a mat in the inner part of a hut. Three women, one of whom was aged, the others young, were seated by him: by their

their attention and sorrow I discovered them to be his mother and sisters; he was senseless, and symptoms of death were already imprinted on his features. The young Iroquoi had received two gun-shot wounds, one of which had lacerated the right side, the other passed entirely through the breast; he had also been stabbed in the lower belly with a bayonet: on examination I had the pleasure to find none of these wounds decidedly mortal, his greatest danger being the loss of blood, and the awkward manner in which they had bound up his wounds. Fortunately I had a case of instruments, some bandages and unguents about me, which I had prepared in case of any of our men being wounded. After thoroughly washing the wounds with brandy, and

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removing

removing the clotted blood, I put on a dressing, and administered some drops which I had in my pocket. The young savage speedily recovered his senses, but was too weak to speak; his mother and sisters, astonished at the first success of my operations, testified the utmost joy, thanking me in their language, but in so expressive a manner that I could not fail to comprehend them. The Iroquoi chief did not appear less satisfied; I told him that I wished to remain near the wounded person in order to administer my assistance in case I should find it necessary. Ofiko (which was the name of this savage) approved my caution, and accordingly caused several mats to be brought and placed near his son's bed. In the night I renewed the dressing, during which
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the young man relapsed into a state of insensibility, but that I removed by the assistance of spirits; the next day he was attacked with a violent fever, which I expected; in short, on the third day a number of symptoms that had intervened, and which would have been fatal to an European, entirely disappeared, and in eight days I thought him entirely out of danger. You may conceive my pleasure and that of La Roche on this happy event; when I informed the old chief of the almost certitude I had of his son's recovery, he snatched me to his arms, swearing never to forget so signal a service. 'From this moment,' said he, 'thou ceasest to be my enemy, and I receive thee among the number of my friends;—with these words he presented me the

calumut that he was smoaking, which I well knew to be the strongest proof of friendship amongst savages, and therefore took it and smoaked for a few minutes: after which Ofiko did the same by my companion.—The next day several of the principal savages came to enquire after Tarbek; Ofiko having informed them that La Roche and myself had smoaked in his calumut, they testified the utmost pleasure, all offering us the same token of friendship.

“ Until the time I thought Tarbek out of danger; I had paid but little attention to what surrounded me, my mind was entirely employed on one object, that of saving my life by restoring the young savage. Fear overpowers

powers every other sentiment; but when tranquillity was restored to my heart by Ofiko giving me an assurance, which is the most sacred among savages, my mind returned to its ordinary bias, and I paid attention to all that passed. I have already told you that Ofiko had two daughters; the eldest was ugly and ill shaped, with something harsh and repulsive in her features, that was yet more disgusting than her ugliness. The youngest, which was called Ziska, was an admirable contrast to her sister; she was formed with the most exact proportion, her features small and delicate, the freshness of health enlivening her complexion, which was fair without that insipidity so common to the Iroquoi women; her eyes were of a bright blue, at once

tender and animated, and appeared to announce the candour and serenity that reigned in her soul; to complete all, an expression of softness and innocence was spread over her whole person and increased her natural charms, forming the strongest contrast to the ferocious people among whom she was born. In short, Ziska would have been thought beautiful even in Europe; she was as a diamond cast among a number of rough and unpolished stones.

“ Misfortunes by exciting sensibility disposes the mind to love; I could not see the charming Ziska without emotion, her beauties which were exposed to view caused an inconceivable trouble in my heart, my eyes were involuntarily fixed on her for hours together, and

and when she retired I experienced an uneasiness that her return could alone dispel. A savage is unacquainted with those laws of prudery, and false delicacy, which render the fair sex so reserved among polished nations; they are not accustomed to disguise those sentiments which nature avow; thus I soon discovered that I was not displeasing to Ziska; we gazed at each other with mutual pleasure, and though we could not converse, the language of our eyes was sufficiently expressive to convey the nature of the sentiments we felt. When the vain formalities of custom is banished, hearts soon comprehend each other, thus the most perfect intelligence soon reigned between mine and Ziska's. Frequently, when we were alone, I approached her, and

pressing her hand, testified by my gestures how dear she was to my heart: Zifka did not understand the art of feigning, but replied to my careffes with equal ardor. During the cure of Tarbek, I enjoyed the pleasure of being near her all day, for under pretence of giving her brother assistance she was perpetually in his hut, but her eyes declared that it was love rather than fraternal affection which rendered her so assiduous. Tarbek greatly resembled his sister, possessing none of that ferocity that characterises his nation, he frequently testified his gratitude in a manner to give me the most favourable opinion of his disposition.

" My affection for Zifka was so lively that I considered the perfect restoration
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of her brother with alarm, as I had no doubt but Ofiko faithful to his promise would give me my liberty, and the idea of quitting Ziska afflicted me to the soul. Such is the power of love, it makes the most rapid changes in the heart of man, causing what was the warmest object of his wishes to become indifferent to him, and sometimes even painful.

"The first day Tarbek was able to leave his hut, his father conducted him to the place where the Iroquois usually assembled, and where all the warriors of the settlement were waiting his arrival; Ofiko ordering La Roche and myself to follow him. Tarbek no sooner appeared than their shouts and acclamations rent the air, all testifying

their pleasures on his recovery. When he had answered to their congratulations, his father presented us to the assembly, and though we could not understand his language, his gestures plainly declared he was reciting our praise. The Iroquois received this harangue by fresh shouts; several of them advancing towards us, and carressing us in their manner. At length Osiko said to me in English, ' I have brought thee hither with thy friend, in order to receive the thanks of these warriors; thou hast restored them a brave companion in arms, and me a beloved son; thou art now our friend, we have smoaked in the same calumet; if thou wilt stay among us thou shalt be our brother, and the assistance thou art able to render us will be a new bond to attach

tach us to thee; thou shalt share our labours, and our pleasures, choose thee a wife among our virgins, and thy race augment the warriors of this settlement.—But, if thou preferrest returning to thy country, speak, we will procure the means? there thou may'st inform thy companions that if the Iroquois are cruel to their enemies, they are grateful to their friends, and that the activity of their friendship at least equals the inveteracy of their hatred.

“ Though the fidelity with which Ofiko kept his word, and the proofs of friendship I received from the Iroquois, gave me the utmost pleasure, yet the discourse of the old savage caused me great uneasiness, and I was some minutes unable to reply. I was
far

far from wishing to fix among a people whose manners and customs were so different from mine, but love detained me near Ziska; I could not resolve to leave that amiable girl. Under this embarrassment I resolved to adopt a middle path, and therefore replied to Ofiko, that I was truly sensible of the proofs of attachment which he gave me, and that, doubtless, I should be flattered to profit by his generous offers, in being received among so brave and warlike a nation; 'But,' added I, 'thou know'st man is naturally attached to his country, and how difficult it is for him to adopt a way of life and manners to which he is unaccustomed. Permit me, therefore, to stay for some time among ye, perhaps, I may be able to assume the customs of thy nation,

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tion; but, if otherways, promise me to facilitate my return to my country when I require it? Ofiko appeared satisfied with my answer, assuring me I should be entirely free: he then informed the warriors of my resolution, who applauded it by fresh shouts and rude demonstrations of pleasure.'

"On our return to the hut, Ofiko related to his wife and daughters the whole of what had passed; pleasure brightened the features of Ziska on this information, and her eyes sufficiently expressed that she felt the sacrifice was made for her sake. I thought it necessary to conceal from La Roche that the Iroquoi had left us at entire liberty, and therefore only told him, that the friendship the old
1 chief

chief had for us made him wish to detain us sometime longer, but with a renewed promise to conduct us to Canada, if we could not accustom ourselves to the Iroquoï manners. As La Roche was not attached to any Iroquoïse, he would not have approved being detained by my passion among a nation for whom he had the utmost aversion, I therefore spared him the knowledge of a sacrifice that must have given him pain.

“Behold us now among the Iroquois, living in their manner, and following the same occupations. Ofiko had given us a hut adjoining his own, and we frequently accompanied him in his hunting and fishing excursions, but though we had adopted the Iroquoï manners,

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we had neither their strength nor agility; our bodies were incapable of such violent exercise, and what was to the savages a party of pleasure, was to us the most wearisome fatigue. These excursions also took me from my beloved Ziska, and frequently when pressed by Ofiko and his son to accompany them, I pretended illness to remain behind, in order to converse with my charming mistress. In these tender meetings we gave ourselves up wholly to our passion; enjoyment instead of diminishing only augmented my tenderness. I soon learned sufficient Iroquoi to be understood by Ziska, a circumstance that redoubled our satisfaction, and which also served to convince me that my mistress's disposition was at least as amiable as her features were beautiful:
her

her soul was as pure as the water of the brook in which she viewed herself, and candour and feminine softness gave an inexpressible charm to every word and action. Ziska was unacquainted with the art which our European ladies adopt to fix a prize on their favours, but that usually diminishes the value; tender and hasty to oblige, she met my affection with equal warmth, without thinking she conferred an obligation, in short she was the child of nature, and one of her most beautiful works, undisguised by art and the prejudices of education.

“I had been near three months among the Iroquois, when one day Ofiko entered the hut, accompanied by a young warrior whom he introduced to

to his wife and daughters, informing them that it was the son of an old friend who dwelt at a considerable distance: they had met on a hunting excursion, and Ofiko had pressed the young savage to pass some days in his hut, where every one on the father's introduction appeared anxious to oblige him. The young warrior seemed astonished to find two Europeans among the family of Ofiko, who seized an opportunity to inform him of the obligation we had conferred on him, and the trial we purposed making. This commendation of Ofiko did not appear to make much impression on the savage, who viewed us with the utmost disdain, and began abusing our nation, boasting that his own arm had levelled ten Frenchmen with the dust in
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the last attack. I did not think it prudent to resent this discourse, as I was well aware of the danger of defending my country among its inveterate enemies, particularly among a people whose native ferocity the least spark will kindle into a flame. The visage of the young Iroquoi was strongly imprinted with the national character, his features were harsh, and his gloomy and savage behaviour sufficiently announced his soul to be the same.—His person was tall, with large and muscular limbs, that denoted uncommon strength. I did not think fit to contend with such a terrible adversary, and only replied by asking Osiko the event of the attack made by the French, of which he immediately gave me the following information.

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“The Iroquois had gained information of our project, and in consequence prepared to receive us; abandoning all their scattered settlements along the Lake, they had retired to the hollows between the mountains, where they had placed themselves in ambuscade, sending out a detachment through a bye path in the wood, which lay close to the shore, to surprize our corps de reserve and cut off the retreat of our principal body. Our troops astonished to find the habitations abandoned, immediately suspected that the enemy had notice of their intentions, a supposition that rather abated their ardour; notwithstanding after setting fire to the dwellings they advanced up the country. The commander of this expedition, fearing a surprize, entered the de-
file

file of the mountains with the utmost precaution, where he was speedily attacked by the concealed Iroquois who fell on our men with inconceivable fury; but as these savages fight without order, and are totally unacquainted with military evolutions, they could not succeed in surrounding our troops, a small party of the advanced guard being the only victims, and whom the Iroquois cut to pieces. Our army was however well revenged, the fire of the cannon and musketry killing some thousands of Iroquois; notwithstanding as the number of the savages were still re-enforced by their concealed comrades, who continued renewing the attack with unequalled ardor, our commander thought fit to retreat, regaining the coast in good order. His arrival was timely,
for

for the corps de reserve had almost sunk under the force of a numerous army of Iroquois; happily, however, our vessels which lay at anchor were near enough the shore to assist them with their guns. Our troops now reunited easily succeeded in dispersing the savages, and re-embarked, after having thus in part fulfilled the end of their expedition.—This is the account I collected from the recital of Ofiko, who related the whole totally in favour of his own nation.

“ During our meal I remarked that Musko (which was the name of the young Iroquoi) kept his eyes perpetually fixed on Ziska; he praised her beauty, and exhibited all the eloquence of Iroquois gallantry. The impression
my

my young mistress had made on this savage alarmed me, I dreaded the consequences of his love, which could not fail to be fatal to mine. My fears were soon confirmed, for the next day Musko declared his passion, and demanded Ziska for his companion. Ofiko appeared delighted that his daughter had gained the affection of the young Iroquoi, and promised to unite her to him. I leave you to judge the grief this promise, which I was witness to, gave me; for Ziska, her eyes sufficiently declared her affliction. I then repented not having demanded her of her father whom I was well assured would not have refused me; but to wed his daughter was uniting myself with a nation I abhorred, it was renouncing my country for ever, and though I
tenderly

tenderly loved the young Iroquoi yet
I could not resolve on such a sacrifice.

C H A P. XII.

*Continuation of the Adventures of Mr.
Harrison.*

“MY rival was so perpetually with Ziska, that it became almost impossible to see her alone; he followed her where ever she went, the expression of his love strongly pourtraying his ferocious soul, which was incapable of the least sensibility; his affection being but the explosion of brutal passion and unruly desires which he burnt to satisfy. Ziska was a stranger to dissimulation, and treated Musko with the utmost
VOL. III. M coldness,

coldness, who, however, appeared totally regardless of her behaviour, that tender return so necessary to delicate and feeling souls had no charms for him; incapable of enjoying the pleasures of sentiment, he wished nothing farther than the gratification of his passion: his mind, which was as narrow as his soul, was destitute of feeling, did not permit him to discover the cause of Ziska's coldness, his utmost design in espousing her being the enjoyment of her person. I however did not place implicit dependence on this disposition of my rival, but used the utmost precaution to conceal my intimacy with Ziska; though my young mistress was by no means an adept in the art of feigning, yet she felt the necessity of being on her guard, and concealing

cealing from Musko the sentiments she experienced for me.

“Eight days elapsed in this mutual constraint: Musko, charmed with Ziska, appeared to have no inclination to return. Vexed at the troublesome passion of this ferocious Iroquoï, I was perpetually thinking of some means to snatch Ziska from his pursuit. After much reflection I could devise no way but flight and persuading my mistress to accompany me; I had no doubt but La Roche would readily consent as he detested the Iroquois, and was perpetually pressing me to hasten Osiko to keep the promise he had made of sending us to Canada. I therefore opened my project to him, saying that the delay of the chief gave me some mis-

trust, and that might I advise we should ourselves endeavour to gain our liberty.

—La Roche replied that nothing was more easy, that all that was necessary was to gain the shore where there were always canoes ready for service, that in one of these we might cross the Lake in the narrowest part, and be already far distant before the Iroquois had discovered our absence, and out of the least danger from pursuit. I adopted La Roche's idea with transport, and communicated to him my design of making Ziska the partner of my flight: at first he endeavoured to dissuade me, representing that her elopement would greatly encrease the danger, but when I informed him of my affection for her, and that I could not resolve to leave her, he replied that I
had

had conferred too many obligations on him for him not to consent to what I desired, and that he would second me all in his power. We now resolved to seize the first opportunity to put our project in execution, and to take all necessary precaution to assure its success. All that remained was to engage Ziska to accompany us, and I flattered myself that I should not find much trouble in persuading that amiable girl, who was only an Iroquoï by birth, nature appearing to have made a mistake in placing her among a savage nation; besides she loved me sincerely, and I had no doubt but that passion would prove stronger than any other consideration in her heart.

"Lovers easily find opportunities to see each other when they ardently desire it, nor is there any obstacle but which they can surmount to satisfy the wish that is dearest to their hearts. Though Musko was perpetually in pursuit of Ziska, we notwithstanding found means to see each other alone, where after giving way to the transports which mutual affection inspired, Ziska declared to me the uneasiness that Musko's passion gave her, and fixing her fine eyes on mine, with an expression which left me no doubt but her heart perfectly agreed with her lips: 'I hate him,' added she, 'as much as I love thee!'—'But Ziska,' replied I, 'how can'st thou escape his pursuit, thou knowest thy father has promised him thy hand.'—'I swear by the great Orontojo,'

'Orontojo,' returned she, 'that Musko shall never be my husband.'—'Tell me,' said I, 'what means thou can'st employ to prevent it?'—'I will tell my father that my heart is thine, he will then consent to our union; thou wilt become his son and I shall be happy.'—I represented to Ziska the danger of such an overture.—'Thy father,' said I, 'has already passed his word, besides have we nothing to apprehend from the vengeance of Musko? yet that is not my apprehension; a Frenchman cannot fear an Iroquois however terrible he may appear, but I am a stranger, and the kindness of thy father to me has already risen a jealousy among the warriors of this settlement; they will second the fury of Musko, and thy lover become their

victim:—I love thee, Ziska, heaven is witness of my sincerity; but I cannot resolve to remain among thy countrymen, in becoming their brother I must also become the accomplice of their barbarities; yet more they are the enemies of my country, can I bear arms against my fellow-citizens? no, my beloved Ziska, there is but one means to prevent our separation; that is, let us fly together, if thou lovest me, as I think thou dost, thou wilt not hesitate to quit a country so little worthy of thee; and those ferocious beings who know not how to estimate thy virtue.'

"I had scarcely concluded before Ziska threw herself on my neck: 'I am now convinced that thou lovest me,' said she, 'could'st thou imagine that

that I would not accept with transport what ever thou propolest? in what ever part of the world I find myself with thee I cannot fail to be happy; command, I am ready to follow thee where ever thou wilt; thy country shall be mine, and the only thought and care of thy Ziska to please thee, and merit thy tenderness.'——

“The satisfaction with which my young mistress consented to accompany me, gave me the utmost pleasure; after declaring to her how much my love was indebted for this sacrifice, I informed her of our project; she approved it, and even gave me some information which I found useful. After thus settling the preliminaries, and agreeing to seize the first favourable opportunity,

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tunity, we parted, fearful of being surprized by Musko.

“The next day La Roche and myself testified a desire to make a fishing party on the Lake. The brother of Ziska and some other Iroquois accompanied us. I have already observed, that Tarbek greatly resembled his sister; he even possessed the same softness of manners, and never failed to give me every proof of attachment and gratitude. In the way he testified what pleasure he should experience would I settle among them? ‘I feel for thee,’ said he, ‘the most tender friendship, and could sacrifice my life for thy happiness; it would be but a return of the obligation I owe thee: I have discovered that thou lovest my sister, thou shalt

shall become her husband; I will engage my father to retract the promise he has given Musko whom I hate: his arrogance revolts me, and the haughty manner with which he treats thee, has frequently given me the utmost indignation: speak, say thou wilt never abandon Tarbek.

" This discourse threw me into the greatest embarrassment; his friendship touched me, and I felt the utmost pain to deceive him, but the price at which he fixed the possession of his sister, was too great for me to relinquish a project that so happily conciliated the different interests which so immediately had claims on my heart. I therefore replied to Tarbek that I was truly sensible of the marks of kindness which

he shewed me; that I sincerely had the utmost affection for his sister, but that I also loved my country, that until the present time two such powerful inclinations had kept my heart in a perpetual state of uncertainty; but that I was resolved to come to a final resolution, and in two days would give him my definitive answer. 'Reflect,' replied he, 'choose which shall most preponderate in thy heart. I should be grieved that my friendship for thee should make thee unhappy.'

"After catching a great number of fish we returned home. La Roche and myself taking particular notice of the bay where the canoes were fastened; I observed one smaller than the rest which appeared fit for our purpose, and deter-

determined to defer our project no longer than the following night. I found means to inform Ziska to be in readiness, appointing a place of meeting at some distance from the dwellings: the next day was employed in preparations, collecting a good quantity of provisions, and furnishing ourselves with two guns, some powder and lead, in which state we determined to venture on the Lake.

“When all were asleep in the settlement we left our hut and took the road to the shore, using every necessary precaution. Ziska was already at the rendezvous, having under favour of the darkness, slipped out of her father's hut.— ‘Come, my dear Ziska,’ said I, embracing her, ‘let us arm ourselves with courage,

courage, and fly with the utmost speed.
—The young Iroquoi replied by pressing my hand, and we departed immediately towards the shore. Ziska flew rather than walked, we could hardly keep pace with her; a savage life influences greatly the constitution, and gives such strength and activity to the limbs, that even a female bred among them would, in a race, distance a man educated in polished life.

“We had no sooner reached the banks of the Lake, than putting our provision and arms in the canoe we set it afloat, rowing with all our might. We coasted for some time in order to gain the canal that separates the Lake of Ontario from the Lake of Erie; our design being to land in the peninsula
which

which lays between these two Lakes and Lake Huron. We had just reached the middle of the canal about day break, when we discovered two canoes rowing after us with inconceivable swiftness. This sight had such an effect on us, that our arms became relaxed and we ceased rowing. I had no doubt but that our flight was discovered, and these canoes sent in pursuit of us. 'Will heaven never cease to persecute me,' said I, with an agony of grief, "and does it only snatch me from one danger to plunge me in a greater?" La Roche's fright was at least equal to my own; Ziska was the first to recover her spirits, and assuming an heroic firmness she exhorted us by her words and example to redouble our efforts to escape our pursuers. Our
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interest agreed too much with this advice for us not to adopt it; we therefore again began to row with an activity which our fear of danger redoubled. Notwithstanding their canoes continued to gain upon ours; as the Iroquois were in greater number and stronger than us, we had every reason to dread their overtaking us before we reached the peninsula; in effect the savages rowed so vigorously that they were soon within gun-shot: I particularly distinguished the ferocious Musko, and we should have been inevitably vanquished had not the sight of the shore given us redoubled courage to row with such rapidity as to reach the land before them. We instantly leaped out of the canoe, and leaving our arms and provisions fled towards a wood,
some

some small distance from the shore, with the utmost precipitation.

"The Iroquois reached land a moment after and instantly pursued us; they must infallibly have soon overtaken us if by the most happy chance a hoord of savages, whom I instantly recognized for the Hurons, had not at that moment appeared on the turning of a hill between the wood and the shore. As this nation was allied with us, I had no doubt of their assistance, and running towards them I threw myself at their feet making them comprehend that I was a Frenchman: I however had no occasion to excite their pity to engage them in our defence, their implacable hatred to the Iroquois being a sufficient motive to influence them

them to an attack, for they had no sooner discovered them than giving repeated shouts to testify their joy, they rushed upon them. The Iroquois astonished at such an unexpected meeting appeared for a few moments irresolute, some of them even hastening back towards the canoes; but recalled and animated by the discourse and behaviour of Musko they placed themselves by his side, waiting the attack of the enemy with firmness.

“The battle soon began, and was truly terrible: these savages fight with unequalled fury, as they know there is no quarter to be expected they must vanquish or die. La Roche and myself remained for some minutes concealed behind the trees, for being without

out weapons we could not second our brave deliverers. Though the Hurons were far more numerous than their opponents, yet the strength and valour of Musko long stemmed the course of the battle. This terrible savage fought like a lion, and was on the point of deciding the victory in favour of the Iroquois, when determined to venture every thing, I entreated La Roche to second me: we advanced towards the place of contest arming ourselves with the clubs of two Hurons who were slain, and threw ourselves among the combatants, despair redoubling our courage. The battle now began to incline in favour of our friends; La Roche and myself had already killed two Iroquois when Musko rushed before us; a hungry tiger raging for his prey

prey does not possess more fury than did this savage when he attacked me. 'Curst European,' said he, 'thou shalt dearly pay the robbing me of Ziska.'—With these words he struck at my head with a force which must have proved fatal, had not rage bewildered his sight, the blow glancing along the side of my arm without much damage. I saw it would be useless to trust to my strength against such an adversary, and therefore determined to adopt skill in lieu of it. I had a large pocket-knife that I had ever kept concealed while I dwelt among the Iroquois, and determined to use that instead of the club which I did not understand the management of so well as my enemy: I therefore threw down my weapon, and when Musko raised his arm to give me a second blow,

blow, leaped back, by which means he lost his aim, and rushing on him before he could renew it, plunged my knife in his body, on which he immediately fell bathed in blood. The Hurons at this sight gave repeated shouts of joy, one of them ending the ferocious Musko with a club. The Iroquois who remained seeing their brave warrior dead lost courage and took to flight, but the Hurons pursued them and none escaped.

“After this success the Hurons assembled, giving us every mark of kindness, praising my courage, and saying they owed their victory to me. I thanked the savages for the assistance they had given us in so perilous a situation: Ziska who had remained concealed

would

cealed in the thickest part of the wood during the combat, now joined us, and throwing herself into my arms testified her pleasure at my safety. La Roche and myself fetched the provisions which we left in the canoe, obliging the Hurons to share them with us, and after a little rest, which we were much in need of, we continued our route with our deliverers. On the way the Hurons informed us that they had been on a hunting party for eight days, and that their ardor for the chase had brought them as far as the banks of the Lake Ontario, which they rarely frequented, concluding by assuring us they rejoiced in their excursion since it had been in their power to be serviceable to Frenchmen.

“ After

"After three days and a half's painful walk through woods and over mountains, we reached their settlement. The Hurons were no sooner informed of our arrival than they ran to meet us, testifying in their manner the pleasure they experienced on seeing us. They conducted us to the cabin of their chief, who received us graciously, treating us as sumptuously as could be expected from such entertainers.

"I soon discovered that the Hurons though savages, and living entirely by hunting and fishing like the Iroquois, yet were much milder and less ferocious. After passing some days with them I testified to the chief the desire I had to return among my countrymen; the generous savage hastened to oblige me,

me, and assembling a troop of warriors sent them to accompany us; thus protected we walked for five days, at the end of which period we arrived without any accident at Fort Frontenac.

CH A P. XIII.

Continuation of the Adventures of Mr. Harrison.

"I Immediately desired to be presented to the governor, whom I informed of all that had happened us, and the necessity we laboured under, entreating his assistance, which he instantly granted with the utmost generosity. There was at this time in Frontenac

tenac two Missionaries who were employed in instructing the savages that lived in the environs of the Fort: I desired them to bestow their cares also on Ziska and to teach her the principles of our religion, to which the good fathers willingly consented. The conversion of the young Iroquoise gave them little trouble; love had already made her a Christian: this child of nature possessing one of those innocent yet ingenuous souls which readily receive instruction, therefore, the pure morals of our religion could not fail being speedily engraven on it.

“It is much easier to change an opinion than to give birth to one; the prejudices of education and polished life give to the mind a fixed idea which

is very difficult to destroy, by this reason a savage is far more easily converted than an European, who has already imbibed religious opinions and whose soul is under the yoke of social institutions.

“When Ziska was sufficiently instructed one of the fathers baptized her; and two days after I married her. As I had never known my parents I had no one’s consent to ask, and therefore did not hesitate to unite myself to a girl who though a savage was truly worthy of my esteem and tenderness. Gratitude and honour also demanded it; Ziska had left all to follow me, she had now no friend but myself, and I did no more by her than fulfil the most sacred of duties.

“Soon

"Soon after our marriage we left Frontenac and went to Quebec. The day after our arrival La Roche and myself waited on the governor to whom I related our adventures with the Iroquois, in the same manner I had before done to the governor of Frontenac; my recital appeared to interest him, he presented us in the king's name with a considerable gratification, and as the vessel on board of which we served had been gone some time on an expedition, he offered to place us as surgeons in the military hospital at Quebec, which we accepted with gratitude.

"Neither time nor distance could efface from my heart a friend so dear as yourself; I was no sooner settled in my new situation than I wrote you a

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long letter which I directed to M. de Landrimont, having no doubt but he had procured you some employ. I waited for six months in expectation of an answer, and at length learned that the vessel in which I sent my letter had been taken by the English; I therefore immediately wrote a second which I gave to the captain of a merchant-man who was to sail with a convoy of two ships of the line, I had therefore no fear of this letter meeting with the same fate as the first.

“Near a year passed in my new employ without any thing happening to disturb the felicity I enjoyed, having daily fresh cause to congratulate myself on the choice I had made. Ziska was the most amiable and best of wives,

wives, her innocent candour and frankness remained ever the same, she had no will but mine, I was the object of all her wishes, desires, and affection.— She was soon accustomed to the new way of life which she had adopted, and was perfectly easy in her habiliments, for nothing could exceed her natural gracefulness. Her mind was not gifted with less capability, she made in a short time a rapid progress in our language, and when I had developed by conversation and instruction the happy seeds of understanding which nature had bestowed on her; Ziska remained an Iroquoi only in origin, being capable of entering in parallel with the most accomplished European.

“ We lived thus happy in each other, blest with an easy competency, our wishes never exceeding our means, and our only desire being that this agreeable existence might be prolonged to our latest hour. Ziska bore in her womb the fruit of our loves, and I already enjoyed in imagination the delightful hope of seeing myself revived in the precious pledges of our tenderness; but heaven jealous of my happiness alas too soon deprived me of it, and my sensibility was again put to the proof by an event of all others the most calculated to affect it.

“ We frequently went a walking in the environs of the city which were very pleasant. Since my beloved Ziska had been pregnant I made those little
excur-

excursions regularly, as I was convinced that moderate exercise was serviceable in her situation, particularly as she had formerly been accustomed to a life of the utmost activity. One day that we were walking at the entrance of a small wood about a league from the city, and I was at some few steps from Ziska gathering vulnerary plants, which grew plentifully in this spot; she on a sudden gave a piercing shriek: I instantly ran, and beheld an enormous serpent in pursuit of her; I flew to defend her, but alas arrived too late, the accursed reptile had reached her and darted his venom into her arm.—I had no weapon but a stick, with it I attacked the serpent, who seeing me approach left Ziska and glided swiftly towards me, hissing in a fearful man-

ner, I however was fortunate enough to escape him by jumping quickly aside, then attacking him with my stick I at length killed him. My wife had fainted from fear and lay senseless on the ground; I ran to her the instant I had overcome the serpent, but had some difficulty to recover her. I was in the greatest embarrassment, the place where we were walking was distant from any habitation, and it was impossible to leave my beloved Ziska to seek an assistance which I dreaded would be too late, as I well knew that the bite of serpents if not instantly attended to are ever fatal. I therefore thought the most speedy way would be to get her to the town as quick as possible, and entreating her to keep up her spirits, and lean on my arm, we repaired thither.

ther, We no sooner reached home than the symptoms of the venom became manifest; her neck was swelled and inflamed: I flew to procure the remedies used in such cases, but it was too late, the poison had infected the whole mass of blood, and all my endeavours were fruitless. My beloved Ziska was soon seized with a lethargic dozing, a deadly paleness overspread her features, her pulse gradually weakened, and she passed in an almost insensible manner from life to death.

“ I shall not attempt to describe to you the distraction this loss threw me into; you possess a feeling heart and may therefore judge the sorrow I must experience in losing a woman whom I so tenderly loved; a blow which was
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the more dreadful as it was sudden and unexpected. I was for some days lost in a gloomy despair that rendered me insensible to all around me, it appeared as though all my physical and moral faculties were buried in the grave of Ziska.—However, time which softens every acute sensation, added to the duties of my place, at length drew me in some measure from this cruel state, which may sooner be compared to annihilation than life; yet leaving a deep melancholy which made me perpetually seek solitude. Quebec was hateful to me, I therefore resolved to quit a place that was ever reminding me of my misfortune, and soon found an opportunity: the fleet on which I had before served put into the port to refit, and on my appli-

application I was immediately appointed to the same rank I had before held.

"I had been some few days in my new employ when a merchant ship arrived in the harbour coming directly from St. Maloes. I had a presentiment that this vessel would bring me news of you, and accordingly repaired immediately on board: my hope was not deceived, the captain gave me a letter from M. de Landrimont. That generous patron informed me that after being two years with him in quality of secretary, he had recommended you to an English nobleman who was travelling for amusement; that he had remitted my letter to Madrid expecting you were there, but that it had been returned, with an information that you were

were gone to Italy by sea with your English friend. You may imagine the pleasure I experienced on hearing you was happily situated: M. de Landrimont also informed me that the good woman who had taken such care of my infancy, and who loved me as a tender mother, had been dead near a year. This news afflicted me the more as I now considered myself as deprived of all hope of ever being acknowledged by the authors of my being, the death of my reputed mother cutting off the means they would have to discover me, should they be inclined to make inquiries. I was for several days overwhelmed with sorrow on the reflection of my unhappy fate; in effect was not my situation a melancholy one? I had lost a wife I adored, and now found myself

myself deprived of one who had replaced the loss of my parents, and fulfilled for them the sacred duties of nature. I now appeared to stand alone in the world, unsupported among my fellow creatures, and separated from the only friend who was interested for my fate.

"The damaged vessels being repaired we sailed for the Antilles: the first eight days of our voyage was very fortunate, but at the height of the Bermudas we were overtaken in the night by a dreadful storm which scattered the fleet. I was on board the Invincible of seventy-four-guns; as the wind was in the south south east, blowing with such violence that we could not manoeuvre the ship, we feared to
be

be thrown on the coast of New-England, where we must inevitably have been wrecked or taken prisoners by the English; apprehensions that were but too well realized.—Towards morning the wind became less violent and we found ourselves at the entrance of the gulph of Chesapeack; at the sight of the danger we ran we set all our sails and endeavoured to gain the open sea, but we had been discovered and two line of battle ships and a frigate sent in pursuit of us, as we had suffered greatly by the storm they soon reached us; our captain resolved to make a running fight but the enemies' vessels manœuvred with such skill that in less than half an hour we were completely surrounded and while the two large ships cannonaded us both on the lar-board

board and starboard, the frigate took us by the stem raking the whole length of the vessel: we made the most vigorous resistance during an hour, but were at length necessitated to yield to superior force, and after having lost near the half of our men struck our white flag and surrendered. The English captain immediately put part of his crew in possession of the ship, and after having taken it in tow the three vessels returned in triumph to James-Town.



END OF VOL. III.

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